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THE

MYSTIC LEAGUE OF THREE:

OR, THE

GAMBLER'S REVENGE.

A TALE OF THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

CHAPTER FIRST.

A Foul Murder Revealed—The Mystic Three—Introduction—The Secret League of the R. L., and its Chieftain, Barnes—The Names and Description of the Mystic Three—The Conference.

THE sun was just shedding his last silvered rays upon the "Crescent City." That day, which was closing, had been one of the most exciting that had ever been known. That day the festering corpse of a beautiful young lady of about seventeen, upon whom nature had lavished all those transcendent charms which distinguish the female character, had been discovered floating in the blue waters of the Bay. The body bore unmistakable evidence of violence, and to add to the excitement already produced by the discovery of the body, it was recognized, as that of the only daughter of one of the most influential and wealthy merchants of the city. The question was eagerly propounded by thousands:—"Who is the murderer?"

There were three in the city, who were able to answer it. One the guilty culprit who, animated by desires of revenge and burning hate, had performed the sin-cursed, revolting deed; another the maiden's lover, who knew but too well whence the blow had come; from the very hand, that was probably even then in the darkness and gloom of the fast-approaching night, preparing to plunge a dagger to his own heart; the third person was his confident, the chief of the mystic league of three, into whose ear he poured his tale of burning woe and hate; and his thirsting desire for bloody revenge.

Together in the stillness of the swiftly-falling twilight, with no human witness, they plight to each other their sacred faith, never to relax their efforts until the murderer of Alicia had himself been lowered into the silent tomb.

Another of the mystic brotherhood, whose name afterwards became the symbol of terror in three cities, was at that time absent from New Orleans. They had long been associated together and had become inseparable friends. Many were the adventures, in which our three friends had been engaged, but now they were called upon to engage in that which seemed mere perilous, than the combined adventures of the last four years. They had solemnly engaged never to rest until they had slain one, who, cruel and unrelenting himself, was defended by a force of three hundred of the most deeply-dyed villains of the "Crescent City." They however felt themselves fully able to succeed, and felt no intimidation at the reflection, that, their foe was the uncontrolled chief of one of the most powerful, and most to be dreaded, if not most extensive, secret associations which had ever extended itself through the United States.

A few words of introduction and explanation will be absolutely necessary before proceeding further with our story. Before explaining, however, the circumstances of time, place, &c., and before giving a short description of some of the most conspicuous characters, who will be introduced, we wish to make a remark or two of a general nature to the reader.

In this delineation of life, as it is, characters no doubt will be introduced more congenial to the domains of Tartarus than to the sphere of human existence. Much as misnomered and prating exalters of purity may deny this, I feel convinced that the mass of my readers, candidly viewing the subject, will be convinced that it is impossible to give a correct delineation of life, and of the ennobling, generous qualities which cheer the heart, without occasionally exhibiting the reverse of the scene, and displaying the artifices of the depraved, and the snares of innocence and virtue. Thus, whilst portraying some of the noblest deeds that were ever performed by mortals, it will be a necessary concomitant to display the snares laid for the unwary; the thousand and one means by which virtue is tempted to depart from the path of rectitude; the gambler's unrelenting plots; and, in fact, the innumerable undercurrents of life. This will be necessary, or I shall fail to be a faithful chronicler. I feel persuaded, however, that all candidly examining the scenes to be presented, and comparing them with the incidents daily transpiring, will feel convinced that I have in no case transcended the boundaries of stern reality. Virtue and innocence are beautiful, but virtue is but a component part of the human character, not its ruling element; therefore, that which purports to be a description of life, and treats only of virtue, is unreal, and, consequently, rejected by the correct taste of that man who would ever prefer to be regaled by the truth, unornamented though it be, rather than be treated to the most gaily-decked flowers of unreal narration. Hence, kind reader, if you abhor the villain, remember that you are both guarded against his insidious arts, and better acquainted with the character of the world in some one of its innumerable phases.

With these few remarks, designed to prevent a misapprehension of my design, or a supposition that I had any desire, whilst describing, also to praise villany, I shall now proceed to open my story.

To an understanding of that which I intend to present, a short explanatory introduction is undoubtedly necessary. The circumstances of time, place, &c., like the foot-lights of the stage, remain only to be introduced, before the curtain is raised and the scene is presented. This is usually considered the most difficult part of composition; I trust, however, kind reader, when this shall have been properly presented, my disquisition, which I fear you are beginning to consider dull and insipid, will be abandoned and the actors brought forward.

The mystic three, to whom we have already made allusion and who will frequently re-appear, were three sporting gentlemen of New Orleans, whom an intimate acquaintance had rendered inseparable companions. They were universally known amongst the sporting circles of the city, and held a high rank. In the wildness of youthful exhuberance they bound themselves together with a solemn oath unitedly to pursue any design which would be for the advantage of any one of their number.

There existed a powerful association in the city, called R. L., composed of the lowest and most abject of the population. What the initial letters R. L., were intended to signify, was never ascertained by those who were not members. One or two had undertaken to betray the secrets of the society. One of these had never afterwards been heard of; the other was found floating in the gulf. So summary a vengeance deterred other members of this blood-dyed association from attempting its betrayal, and it continued constantly increasing in power and influence, until it had become the terror of the city. No one was safe even by their own fireside, whom this band had decided was in their way. Murders and daring robberies daily increased, and every safeguard of life and property seemed to have been entirely swept away.

At the head of this band stood Ben Barnes, its acknowledged leader and ruler, a coarse, debauched man of herculean frame and iron limbs; the very exemplification of the pirate captains, who two centuries ago were the scourge of the southern seas. Ben's forehead was low, and upon it was ever a sullen frown; his small gleaming eyes were deeply sunk in his head, and his bloated face, unredeemed by a single spark of intelligence, presented the most perfect simile of one entirely given up to the exercise of the baser passions of man. In his physiognomy or appearance there is nothing to please; all is disgusting and sensual. We will therefore gladly hasten on, premising, that an accurate description of him is unnecessary, as his character will be sufficiently exemplified in the various scenes of our story.

The sporting characters and fancy of the city stood amazed at the supremacy which Barnes and his comrades had attained. Among these, none were more conspicuous in their endeavors to put an end to the terror and misrule occasioned by the supremacy of the R. L., than our three friends. They, perhaps alone of all the inhabitants of the city, felt no fear of Barnes and his companions, for fear was a feeling which was a stranger to their hearts. As a consequence many were the rencounters which our three friends had had with Barnes and his comrades, in which the bullying members of the R. L. society generally departed from the field second best. Barnes was unable to brook this, and determined upon revenge; how this fiendish revenge was accomplished, we shall presently relate.

The names of the members of the "mystic three," as they were generally called amongst the "fancy" of the city, a name which they themselves acknowledged and adopted, were as follows: Martin Taylor, a wealthy young man of great natural endowments and personal beauty. He was about twenty-three years of age, and his raven black locks, as they hung o'er his high, pale forehead, but increased the beauty of his sparkling black eye and handsome features. He was tall and very well shaped and possessed enormous strength. Nor were his physical and outward his only gifts. He possessed a soul—that gift so often wanting in those bearing the name of men—a soul noble and generous. His heart was beating high with pulsations of happiness and he enjoyed life with all the pleasure of youth's golden season. He was one of the best known and most generally beloved of the sporting gentlemen of the city, and his noble form was not looked for in vain at every meeting whether of the friends of the turf or the ring.

DAN KERRIGAN.

The opponent of James Kelly in the late fight at Island Pond, Vt.—For full particulars see our Ring Department

The next was Mike Morton, the acknowledged master of the ring, the beau-ideal of the experienced pugilist. He was rather tall, about thirty-five years of age, well built, and evinced in every look great muscular powers. He was the acknowledged chieftain of the mystic league, and possessed an intellect that rendered him suitable to occupy any position incurring danger, or necessity for firm, undaunted resolution. He had twice entered the ring with Barnes, where his science, skill, and quick hitting had proven more than a match for the strength and foul play of his antagonist. Barnes on each occasion had been severely punished, and nurtured fierce hatred against the only man in the city who could say he had "whipped the bully." Too cowardly to seek again to conquer his antagonist in open and manly combat, he endeavored to obtain his revenge in some other manner, and was secretly plotting against Morton.

The third member of the band was a man of at least forty-five, tall and rather slim, over whose shoulders hung in careless profusion long, raven black locks. His countenance was sallow and careworn, his face was seared and weather-beaten. His forehead was lofty, and from out his piercing black eyes gleamed the fire of restless activity. He was of Spanish birth, and possessed something of the natural cunning and desire for revenge belonging to his race, conjoined with higher and nobler qualities, which rendered the Spanish cavaliers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in their contests, conquests, and explorations the pride and admiration of christendom! He possessed the most cunning of any one of the band, and on several occasions, as we shall hereafter relate, was the means of extricating all of them from impending death. His early history was shrouded in mystery; he was generally known, however, by the title of the "Spanish Count of Grenada," a title drawn from some legend of his early life, which was, however, but imperfectly known to even his most intimate acquaintances. We shall have opportunity in the following pages to unfold the tale of darkness and blood, which obtained for him this title. Although the count liberally patronised every branch of a sportsman's life, it was on the turf that he was best known and most at home. His *ipse dixit* was considered infallible authority in all matters of this character.

As we shall necessarily give a fuller insight into the distinguishing features marking the characters of each of our heroes, we shall not more detain the reader by any further remarks concerning them. It was the Spaniard, who was absent from the city; and the lover, Martin Taylor, confided to his friend Morton the chieftain of the gang, the story of his wrongs.

After he had finished there was a momentary silence, and when it was interrupted it was Morton who spoke:—

"If only," said he slowly and deliberately, evidently all the while thinking deeply upon something that was revolving in his mind; "if only"—he again commenced, "the Count was in the city! There is a crisis at hand and we must endeavor bravely to face it."

For a time both were silent, holding converse with their own musing thoughts. The sun was just setting and shedding his last glow of mellow light over the cupolas and higher buildings of the city.

"Let's go," said Taylor, "and get a private room at the club, where we can talk matters over."

"Agreed!" responded his companion. They accordingly wended their way thither in silence and soon were comfortably seated in a private room of the club-house, with a bottle of wine before them—but we must leave them at present for other scenes.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Alicia The Murdered Girl—A Fatal Night—A Retrospect—Alicia's Abduction By Barnes—The Haunted House—The Attempted Rape—Fearful Revelation—Interruption—Rescued By The Three—The Blow—The Escape—Alicia and Martin Taylor Affianced—Barnes' Terrible Revenge.

The name of the merchant, whose daughter had been discovered floating in the bay, as we have already related, was Paul——a man universally respected by all who were acquainted with him. His only daughter Alicia was noted throughout the city for her peerless beauty. For some six months the beauty and belle, who had rejected scores of suitors, had received Martin Taylor as her accepted lover, and their union was to take place at a not distant period.

But we must return to a period anterior to the actual opening of our history, to explain certain circumstances attendant upon the earlier history of some of our principal characters, and which, it is necessary, should be related in order to give a proper understanding of the causes of many subsequent scenes.

It was a gala night in New Orleans—the favorite theatre of the city was crowded with the assembled wit, beauty, and fashion of the gay metropolis. A favorite actor, who had been assiduously training himself for some time, and who was well-known to the sporting circles of the city, was that night to make his *debut*. Every expectation of those who confidently predicted for him a brilliant triumph was fully realised. He departed from the stage flushed with the consciousness of a complete triumph. Whilst the audience were departing, Alicia, having told her coachman to be in waiting, was endeavoring to thread her way amidst the crowd, when suddenly a hand was placed roughly on her shoulder, and a burly villain, whose head was averted, as if shunning the light, said to her:—

"This way, Miss, your coachman told me to direct you; he couldn't get up to the right place on account of the crowd."

For a moment she felt a slight sensation of distrust creeping over her. Yet seeing her own coach not at the appointed place, and reflecting how naturally it would occur to the coachman, on not being able to drive to the usual place, to employ some one to notify his mistress of his whereabouts, she gradually became convinced that all was right, and followed her disagreeable guide. She entered the coach, which was soon driven away at a rapid rate. After riding nearly an hour, those vague suspicions of danger and fraud, which had entered her mind at the door of the theatre, again arose, but more vividly impressed, the more she reflected upon the repulsive appearance of her guide; the ride, much longer than that necessary to convey her home; and, finally, the conviction, which suddenly forced itself upon her mind, that, although the coach in which she was riding much resembled her own family one, it was not the same. In vain she endeavored to assuage her doubts by thinking it was all an unintentional error, arising from the circumstance that she had been mistaken for another person. Doubt after doubt was coursing through her mind, soon to be realized as no longer mere conjecture, but alarming certainty. Suddenly the carriage stopped; a form that she could not recognize with certainty, but which seemed in the darkness to be the same which had plotted her to her coach, helped her out. She was in the country, how far from the city she knew not, alone and completely in the power of one or more fiends in human form, whose designs towards her she believed to be of the blackest character.

The scene was certainly enough, taken in conjunction the with circumstances attendant upon it, to strike fear into the heart of one less timid, and more accustomed to such scenes than herself. One single building loomed up in the darkness and gloom, surrounded by tall, waving magnolias whose thick shrubbery, bushy limbs and irregular proportions evinced that they were the untrammelled productions of nature's luxuriance, untrained by the hand of man. The bleak, old, dreary house, whose loose shutters creaked and swayed to and fro with the eddying dirge of the wind sweeping in a mournful strain through the dark luxuriance of the magnolias, seemed a fit witness for any deed of darkness, and Alicia felt not a moment's hesitation in believing, that another was that night to be added to the long category of crimes already cursing it.

Although of these crimes she then knew nothing, yet there seems to be something so appalling and repulsive in a scene of this character, especially under the circumstances in which she was situated, that we almost unconsciously associate it with scenes of darkness and blood. This presentiment in this case was perfectly true. The night had begun perfectly clear, and the new moon, together with thousands of the gemmy visitants of night, had shed a subdued, mellow lustre over the landscape. Now the moon had set, and black storm clouds were rolling up the western horizon, giving a picturesque, ebon gloom to the scenery. To Alicia's inquiry of where she was, she received the stern rejoinder, to "hush up!" She screamed for aid—futile effort in such a place. She was immediately seized and roughly pinioned, and borne, terrified, almost fainting, into the house.

We wish to pass rapidly over the occurrences of the next few minutes. There is nothing in the scenes enacted, or rather commenced, and whose enactment was prevented, as we shall presently relate, except the exhibition of the worst passions of man, unredeemed by any of those traits marking the truly noble and generous spirit. The bullying ruffian who had brought Alicia to her present place of confinement was simply the employee of one more depraved and wicked than himself, who, fired by the beauty of the girl, had determined to accomplish his fiendish purpose, by persuasion, if he was able, if not, by force.

Little, however, had he reckoned on the repulse maidenly modesty and virtue would give to his sinful advances. Alicia, a captive in the hands of Barnes—for it was he who had been the author of the plot—unshrinkingly declared that she would rather inflict upon herself immolation than for a moment give the least countenance to his desires. Barnes, as the last alternative, determined to force her into acquiescence. He seized her roughly by the shoulder and hurled her to the floor. Her slender physical strength was insufficient to afford any successful barrier to his actions, and Alicia now for the first time believed herself totally lost. The consciousness of the dread truth was too much for her exhausted system, and she swooned away, her last whispered exclamation being a frantic prayer for death. At this moment Barnes' assistant entered the room and gave a hasty glance around him to assure himself that all was right.

Villain, as he was, the sight was too much for him. To see a lovely maiden, ever nurtured amidst the fond associations of home, indulged in every luxury and desire, thus rudely torn away, and made the sport of a brutal villain, was more than he was able calmly to endure.

"I say, Barnes, what the h—l do you want with this young girl, when you can get along with as many women as you want down at Stevens', and not have such a fuss about it either? I think it a downright shame, and I wish I had had nothing to do with it."

"Mind your own business, Brown, will ye?" shrieked Barnes, enraged at the taunt of his hitherto obsequious servant, at the same time hurling at him a billet of wood which the latter was rejoiced to dodge, and fain to beat a hasty retreat.

"Confound the fellow!" muttered Barnes, "I must learn him his place; he has become entirely too insolent of late—"

"Three to one on Burnap!" echoed a stentorian voice up stairs, which did not add in the least to the comfort of Barnes' reflections.

"The devil!" was his only response.

It will be necessary here to enter into a slight digression, in order to explain satisfactorily the cause of Barnes' sudden interruption.

A few hours previous, our three friends of the mystic league might have been seen in earnest consultation upon one of the wharves. They had business of importance to consult upon and decide that night, and the object of their present consultation was to determine where they might find a safe place to meet, free from any possibility of interruption. At length, after various places had been proposed and rejected, the Count proposed that they should meet at the haunted house, as it was generally called. This was instantly agreed upon; and whilst Taylor was taking some minutes of some of their proceedings, the Count and Morton had fallen into an animated discussion concerning the relative merits of two champions of the ring who were to have a "mill" in a short time. The Count and Taylor had noticed the entrance of Barnes and his party, but Morton was so much engaged that he had not noticed it, neither the silence of his companions; hence the sudden interruption we have just given.

The Count informed Morton of the blunder he had committed. A hasty consultation resulted in the determination of the three friends to immediately descend and see what was transpiring. They had recognized Barnes' voice, and were determined that another should not be added, with their permission, to the category of crimes already perpetrated within the haunted house.

A glance sufficed to reveal to them the true state of affairs. With a single blow from the hand of Taylor, Barnes was hurled senseless against the opposite partition. The next moment he was bent over the fair young girl, anxiously endeavoring to restore her to sensibility. His efforts, seconded by the aid of his friends, were soon crowned with success, and they had the pleasure of seeing her languidly open her eyes.

In the meantime the ruffian, whom they had supposed entirely insensible and incapable of moving, and to whom therefore they had given no further attention, raised himself up, and perceiving that he was totally unobserved, with the black cowardice of a treacherous heart, advanced stealthily from behind, gave Taylor a blow, and ran. The necessity of attending to the lady and Taylor, who was seriously injured, precluded the idea of pursuit, and Barnes was therefore enabled to escape unpunished.

The Count and Morton, having impressed Barnes' coach into their service, drove to the dwelling of Alicia's father. She had by this time perfectly recovered, and called the attention of her father to the young man, who had been injured in her defence. Taylor was still laying insensible in the bottom of the coach. Alicia's father insisted that he should be borne into his house, and medical assistance be called. To this his friends readily agreed, as his own residence was in a distant portion of the city, and they feared his wound was of a serious nature. Carefully and assiduously was our young friend cared for, and he had need of all the care and attention which was bestowed upon him. A brain fever of the most serious type was the result of the blow, and for nearly a week life and death hung equally poised in the balances. During all this period Alicia was his watchful nurse, and when he began slowly to recover and was permitted again to feel the balmy zephers play upon his heated forehead, she lulled him into unconsciousness by her gentle voice.

Nearly four weeks had elapsed and Martin was able to leave. The sun was sinking to rest within the western horizon, and was shedding its last peaceful rays over the gently trailing arbor, within which, indulging in love's soft dalliance, were Alicia and Martin. We need not dwell in detail upon the scene, suffice to say, that it was terminated by a mutual embrace, and a fervent kiss impressed by Martin on Alicia's snowy brow. They were affianced lovers.

And, reader, it was this gentle, lovely maiden, that Barnes had murdered through revenge. But she was not to remain unavenged; her gentle spirit demanded an atonement, a fearful retribution; and fearfully was it given.

CHAPTER THIRD.

The Count's Tale of the Haunted House—His Grandfather and his Friend—Play—The Wager of Life!—Lost!—Fearful Peril and Thrilling Escape—Murder—Awful Spectre and Demon Dance—Further Plots—Mag and Old Dick Stewart—Their Den.

"Count, tell us all about the haunted house and its legends."

The speaker was Taylor, who was gradually recovering and regaining his strength.

"It is a long story, friends," replied the Count, addressing his companions," and not very pleasant to relate; however, as you desire it, I will relate the first deed of crime performed within it. Of the subsequent acts of villany perpetrated there I know less, although I have heard some tolerably well authenticated rumors, and am less intimately concerned and therefore less interested.

The storms of more than a century have beaten upon that ancient dwelling. It was erected by my grandfather, then a young man, about the time of the excitement produced by the "Mississippi bubble," as it is generally termed. My grandfather, on his departure from Spain, had taken with him a young man, with whom he had met at Cadiz. This young man had got into some difficulty there, from which my grandfather extricated him, and brought him along at his own earnest request.

"He was a person of great intellect and genius, but very dissolute in his life. He was constantly becoming involved in difficulties, from which only the personal influence of my grandfather sufficed to extricate him. Their nearest neighbor was Bill Barnes, or, as he was generally called, "Rowdy Bill," who was, as near as I can ascertain, the grandfather of our present antagonist. At all events his deeds proved him worthy to be such; for he possessed the same cowardly, villainous disposition, characterizing the man who gave Taylor that blow from behind, which so nearly cost us his life.

"Bill was a terror to the neighborhood and the city. Our young friend, however, whose name, as near as I can remember, was Dupont, instead of fearing him, was feared by Bill. One night, Dupont went over, as was frequently his custom, to play cards. Four hours of play resulted in Barnes losing everything which he staked. Vexed and enraged at his loss, Barnes played more wildly than ever, staking everything he possessed until all was lost. Then in a phrenzied fit of desperation he offered Dupont to wager his life.

"'Life for life!' hissed the raging fiend through his clenched teeth; 'the one who wins shall have the heart's blood of his antagonist.' They played—fortune had turned—Dupont lost. Up to this moment Dupont, who did not wish to have Barnes' property, and had intended to return it to him, as soon as they had finished; had considered their last bet in a purely sportive light. He now began to be convinced by the preparations of the other, that, what he had viewed as a sportive bet was about to be taken in earnest. That Barnes, vexed to find one his superior in an accomplishment in which he frequently boasted he had no equal, was determined to sacrifice his life.

"Expostulations were vain, entreaties and prayers fell coldly and dully on the ears of the blood-thirsty ruffian. He circled the glittering blade around his head and bade his victim prepare. Our young friend, however, had experienced too many vicissitudes of fortune and perilous situations, not to feel disposed to make some effort to secure his safety, before tamely resigning himself to his fate. He had no weapon about him, whilst his antagonist, a man far more athletic than himself, held in one hand a pistol and in the other a heavy sabre. Resistance, therefore, was plainly impracticable.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.—We are all familiar with accounts of animals bringing their fellows to persons or places where ills of their own have been remedied, and of animals of various sorts submitting to even painful surgical operations, as though they reasoned out the ultimate benefit that was to accrue; but we have never read a well authenticated case that more strikingly resembled reasoning powers than the following:—"Tell my grand children, said the late Right Rev. Daniel Wilson, writing home from India, that an elephant here had a disease in his eyes. For three days he had been completely blind. His owner, an engineer officer, asked Dr Webb if he could do anything to relieve the poor animal. The doctor said he would try nitrate of silver, which was a remedy commonly applied to similar diseases in the human eye. The huge animal was ordered to lie down, and at first, on the application of the remedy, raised a most extraordinary roar at the acute pain which it occasioned. The effect, however, was wonderful. The eye was, in a manner, restored, and the animal could partially see. The next day when he was brought and heard the doctor's voice, he laid down of himself, placed his enormous head on the side, curled up his trunk, drew in his breath just like a man about to endure an operation, gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and then, by trunk and gesture, evidently wished to express his gratitude.

A FIVE MILE RACE came off on the West London cricket ground on the 6th inst, between J. White and W. Jones, two fast 'uns, who had before tested each other's wind and speed, Jones having 200 yards start, for £15 a side. The first part of the race was well contested, but Jones soon showed signs of weariness, and at the last lap of the fourth mile gave out altogether. White now had to run the remainder of the distance by himself, and in going up the straight in the last lap just put on the "steam" by the way of showing how little he was distressed. The three miles were done in 15min 50sec, four miles in 21min 35sec, and the entire distance in 26min 55sec.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1860.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LAFAYETTE.—*Base Ball.*—1. "What is the general opinion in regard to the late match between the Atlantics and Excelsiors? 2 Would not the Atlantics have won, or did they not have the best of the game? 3. Whose friends broke up the match? 4. Are the Atlantics champions still, and will they play again with the Excelsiors? This is to decide several questions amongst several up-town clubs."..... 1. One of regret that such a disgraceful occurrence should have taken place at a ball match, and the expression of the opinion on the part of all true lovers of the game that the evil of betting on the result of ball matches, by members of the clubs, should at once be stopped. 2. This is a difficult question to answer, though we think, from what we know of the latent ability possessed by the Atlantics, that if the game had been played out to the close of the ninth innings, or even the seventh, the probabilities are, that the game would either have been a tie, or resulted in favor of the plucky Atlantics; they certainly did not have the best of the game at the time it was so abruptly terminated, as with Creighton on the third base, their opponents were almost sure of another run, and they were then sure of a majority of two. 3. This question is one also difficult to decide upon; the friends of both are unquestionably to blame in the matter, as the rowdy elements predominated in the "Excelsior crowd" as well as in that of the Atlantic. Rightly speaking, the *friends* of neither are to blame, as they were no friends of either party that were concerned in the riotous proceedings. 4. The Atlantics are still the champions until the third game of this contest is won by their opponents, or until they are defeated in a series of home-and-home contests.

A. W. I., West Troy.—There can be no satisfactory standard of judging accurately of such a matter. The cricketers commenced with an injustice to themselves in playing with *nine* men, at all, which does not constitute a side at that game; and what was still worse, in stopping content with a mere victory—however decisive—in *one* innings. For *such a trial*, the full game of two innings on both sides should have been played, as the full sett of nine innings at base ball was contested, irrespective of results short of that number. Then a simple problem in proportion would have settled the business in a twinkling. In Base Ball the score was 8 to 56 in favor of the B. B. nine. At their two innings at Cricket the same nine made 44. Now then; as 8 is to 56, so is 44 to 308; or thus:—8: 56:: 44: 308. Anything short of 308 by the cricketers, (both innings) the Ball nine won; at that figure, tied; over that, the Cricket nine won. "Figures don't lie," but we repeat, nothing satisfactory can be made of such comparisons, from such premises.

ST. GEORGE, Philad'a.—*Base Ball.*—1. A player starts from his 2d base and makes his 3d base, while the ball is on its passage from pitcher to striker, the ball is struck foul, is the player compelled to return to his 2d base? 2. Is he entitled to his 3d base, if he makes that base *after* the ball has been struck, supposing he left the 2d while the ball was about to be delivered and he was ruoning while the ball was on its passage?".....1. If he made the 3d base *before the ball was struck*, he is entitled to it. 2. If he makes his base *after* the ball had been struck, though before it had been declared foul, he must return to his 2d. The pitcher should be very watchful while players are on the bases, activity and skill in this respect compensates for inferior pitching.

MOKE.—*Base Ball.*—"1. Is a player out if he be touched by the ball in the hands of an adversary while his foot is partly on the ground and partly touching the base? 2. Has a player, having made a base, a right to return to the one he has left? 3. What constitutes a home run?".....1. No; it is sufficient that his foot touch the base. 2. In the case you refer to he has a right to return to his base. 3. A home run is a run obtained by hitting the ball so far into the field that the striker gets home before the ball reaches the in field or the home base. A player will sometimes get home from the ball he has struck being fielded well, but badly thrown to the 1st base or the 2d; but such are not home runs.

AMERICUS, N. J.—*Base Ball.*—"1. Are bets on the recent match between the Excelsiors off, or on? 2. Will the match be again played this season? 3. Are the Atlantics still the champions, and if so, are they not entitled to a champion's ball or belt?".....1. The game being considered *as drawn, by mutual consent, all bets are of course off.* 2. The game will *not* be resumed this season. 3. They are still the champions, and are justly entitled to some public recognition of their hard-earned victories. A ball would be the most appropriate testimonial.

ROBEN, Philadelphia.—A yacht, as defined by Webster, is "an elegantly finished vessel, used either for private parties of pleasure, or as a vessel of state to convey princes, &c., from one place to another." The boats belonging to the model yacht clubs in and around this city, are all open and without cabins. The vessels of the New York Yacht Club have cabins. We should think the term is somewhat arbitrary, and if a gentleman chooses to call his pleasure sail boat a yacht, it is a yacht to all intents and purposes.

A SUBSCRIBER, Shortsville, N. Y.—1. We know of no phonographic institute. The time necessary to learn the art, depends entirely on the ability and application of the student. 2. Occasionally, persons having a knowledge of it, are enabled to secure good situations with salaries, depending materially on the demand for such labor at the time. 3. Reporters salaries depend so much on their own ability, and the liberality of those by whom they are engaged, that they necessarily vary very much, say from $6 to $60 per week.

ALBANY.—"A. bets that the term 'working boat' is applicable to all round-bottomed boats without regard to size or build. B. claims that it is confined to the Whitehall boat. Please decide".....A working boat, we should suppose, would be one that was kept for ordinary use or hire. There are in this city Whitehall nineteen-feet working boats, fourteen-feet working boats, and, in fact, working boats of various sizes.

H. F., Philad'a.—*Cribbage.*—A plays a nine, B a deuce, A a deuce, and scores two holes, B a tray, A a four, and takes three holes, B an ace, and takes four holes. A then plays another deuce, and claims three more for a sequence of 2, 3, 4, which B disputes. Which is right?.....A could not take a sequence of 2, 3, 4, only because of the ace, but he might have taken a sequence of 1, 2, 3, 4.

M. E. J., Elizabethtown, Ind.—1. Correct. 2. There are no portraits of Price to be had. 3. Heenan does not hold the championship of England; it is to be fought for by Paddock and the Staleybridge Infant. 4. Heenan's seconds in his fight with Morrissey were Aaron Jones and Johnny Mackey; Morrissey's seconds were Dublin Tricks and Australian Kelly.

G. R. H., Louisville.—The M. Leotard, the gymnast spoken of in the article "A Wonderful Gymnast," is a French performer at Paris. The article was originally given in *Galignani's Messenger*, and copied into one of the English papers of recent date, whence we took it. We cannot give you the dates of the papers.

J. N. C., St. Joseph, Mo.—We know of no other fast time table published beside our own. 2. We do not know the whereabouts of the "old man" you enquire for; you may discover it, however, by keeping a close watch on our theatrical columns. 3. The party you refer to is "around," we believe.

M. MILLER, Pomeroy, O.—1. Your old subscription expired the same week that the new one was received. 2. The votes in the Electoral College in 1856 were for Buchanan 174, Fremont 114, Fillmore 8, consequently Buchanan had a majority of 60 over Fremont.

PURTY BOY, Perry, Ga.—1. Heenan has not been so far south as Georgia since his return from England. 2. We think not, at least for some time to come. 3. We have seen no picture of the fight at Farnborough, other than those published in the papers.

E. Y. F., Philadelphia.—Wash with a mixture of soft soap and soda made into a thick paste; or, rub into his skin, white precipitate in a dry state, and keep the dog muzzled two or three hours, when brush all out.

T. M., Randolph Station, Wis.—No, Princess has not gained such a victory. It is said, however, that she might have won on one occasion, had she been allowed.

C. M. G., Winchester, N. H.—The musical instruments you enquire for are imported, and may be procured at almost any toy store. Address Heinrichs & Co., corner of Broadway and Liberty streets, New York.

ENQUIRER, N. Y.—The book containing the life and battles of Yankee Sullivan, also contains a detailed account of the encounter between Lilly and McCoy. We can furnish it at 25 cents per copy.

J. J. DE S., Pittsburgh.—The parties who have not answered your letters are certainly guilty of uncourteous behavior; but excuse themselves, we suppose, under the plea of "particulars not stated."

A SUBSCRIBER, New Britain.—It would be useless to enquire for the party you name, unless the name of the enquirer is given, which you have neglected to put us in possession of.

HOBOKEN.—*Base Ball.*—The decisions of Mr. Therne during the match of the 23d inst., we regard as thoroughly impartial, and given with great judgment.

P. B. B. C., Baltimore.—The Excelsior Base Ball Club will visit your city towards the end of September. We cannot give you the exact date.

B. WARD, Troy, N. Y.—Heenan was not totally blind at any time during the fight between him and Sayers.

J. W., Worcester, Mass.—Bob Brettle and Tom Sayers have only faced each other once, in a prize ring.

CONSTANT READER, Philad'a.—We believe not, at least, our report of the affair does not allude to it.

J. SWEETMAN, Cincinnati.—The letter advertised for you was forwarded the day after we received your address.

J. E. D., Springfield.—We are unable to inform you whether the mother of Freeman is living or not.

AMIJO, Milwaukee.—Very acceptable. Shall be pleased to hear from you hereafter.

A. A, F——K.—Lady Fulton and Trustee both trotted 20 miles within an hour.

W. C. T., Memphis.—All right. We have remedied the difficulty.

W. S. L., Green Island.—He has "arrived" from Troy.

J. W. D., St. Louis.—Expires with No. 25, present vol.

M. S. B., Middletraddom.—Our terms are in advance.

A. J., Needham.—They will cost you 20 cents.

MINERVA, Philad'a.—We cannot inform you.

THE MYSTIC LEAGUE OF THREE.

The story which we commence to-day, under the above title, we commend to the careful attention of our readers. It is a work of fiction in the very highest walk of the art. It is replete with every phase of the most startling incident, presenting constantly the most unlooked-for and thrilling effects; delightful while they startle, being so consonant with nature amid all their novel yet harmonious combinations. Woven into all this is a vein of philosophical reflection that shows the author to be at once well-skilled with the pen, a shrewd observer of men, manners, and the times; and one who would fain enunciate correct sentiments and do good while he delights. While the whole is intensely absorbing in its depth and power, its style is so chaste, and rhetorically correct that we hesitate not to affirm our belief that "THE MYSTIC LEAGUE OF THREE" will take a standard place among the best works of fiction, of its class, of the present day. And, furthermore, so fine a basis for a most powerful and popular drama has not been presented to the American public for many a day, from any source. All this is strong language, stronger than is our wont; but we plant ourselves upon, and reiterate it. We say to all our readers—read and preserve perfect, until complete, "THE MYSTIC LEAGUE OF THREE."

PRESENTATION TO THE CHAMPION.—Tokens of esteem continue to flow in upon the champion, John C. Heenan, for his manly conduct during and since the late encounter at Farnborough, from all parts of the country; the last of which arrived last week from California, in the shape of a magnificent and very weighty gold ring, with the California coat of arms, pugilists in position, and a mechanic's arm, superbly engraved thereon. It has also the following inscription on it, "The Miners of Pinery to John C. Heenan." It is needless, perhaps, to add, that the Champion is delighted with this last memento, not so much on account of its value, but from the sentiments of friendship it conveys, from some of his old companions while he was in California. The gift will doubtless be suitably acknowledged by him at an early date. The letter accompanying the ring reads as follows:—

PINERY, Siskiyou Co., Cal., July 18th, 1860.

MR. FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir:* In connection with this note you will be entrusted with a testimonial, from the miners of the Pinery, to John C. Heenan, the able and fearless American champion of the Prize Ring. The "Benicia Boy" was, in A. D. 1857, one of our own number; and, among those who have subscribed for the accompanying testimonial, are some of his warmest personal friends. The ring, which we have had manufactured for the express purpose, and which we hereby request you to present in our behalf, is made of gold dug from *our own mines.* As, therefore, it is of a *local* character, we indulge the hope that it will be received as a memento of friendship from his old associates, not simply as a merited offering to the gallant champion, but also as a *souvenir* of friendship *for the man himself.*

It is hardly necessary for us to add, that he who has conducted himself since he left us with so much gallantry and honor, *will continue to carry with him* the sympathies and good wishes of his friends at the Pinery. And believing, Mr. Editor, that you will cordially aid us in our desires, as expressed, we make no apologies, but take pleasure in subscribing ourselves *your* friends and obedient servants,

JOHN J. RYAN,
ED. WICKS, } Committee.

WAR AND RUMORS OF WARS.—The past week has been one of no small degree of interest to the pugilistic fraternity, that which has engaged their attention principally, having been the late encounter between Kelly and Kerrigan; for particulars of which, we refer to our report elsewhere. Our columns also contain records of battles fought in other lands, and in other localities. Kerrigan, it is said, elated by his success, intends having a bout with Con Fitzgerald, and as will be noticed elsewhere, Harry Lazarus and Fagan, late conqueror of Horrigan, are likely to come to terms. Morrissey is in town, we believe, and we are informed, is in good health. Madame Rumor hath it, that he still intends challenging Heenan to an encounter, but how much truth there is in it, we are not prepared to state. The Roche and McGlade match is still progressing, both men being at work, and a mill of no ordinary character is looked forward to. Taking all things into consideration therefore, the "knights of the fives" have great sport in prospective.

BILLIARD TABLE CUSHIONS.—The enterprising billiard table manufacturers, Messrs. Phelan and Collender, have, it appears, succeeded in making arrangements with the New York Belting and Packing Company, for the exclusive right of Goodyear's patent for vulcanized India-Rubber, so far as its use in the manufacture of billiard cushions is concerned. This will prove a great source of profit to them, and create still further demands for their world-renowned tables, since unless India-Rubber has been submitted to the process of vulcanization, it is totally unfit for the purposes of cushion manufacturing, being liable at all times to change, as far as elasticity is concerned, with the variations in the state of the atmosphere, and consequently, militates against their accuracy when played on.

THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD ON A TOUR.—John C. Heenan, Jack McDonald, James Cusick, and other stars in the fistic firmament, left this city on the 25th ult., on an eastern tour, with the intention of making Providence their first halting place. The friends of the champion in that direction will therefore have an excellent opportunity of seeing him who so nobly upheld the honor of his country's flag at Farnborough; also, to witness the beauties of the *art pugilistique* delineated by its first masters.

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, LATIN, AND ITALIAN LANGUAGES, WITHOUT A MASTER.—By A. H. Monteith. A very handsome volume with the above caption, has just been placed upon our desk. Such a glance as we can afford it has proved one thing at least—that the author is up in the grammar and construction of the languages he treats. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., 306 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

GOOD FISHING AND SHOOTING GROUNDS.—As many of our friends who are fond of these sports are probably, sometimes, at a loss where to find a spot where the two may be prosecuted with success, we would inform them that the village of Sand Lake, about ten miles east of Troy, is just the spot, more particularly for fishing, as there are some three or four beautiful lakes in the neighborhood, abounding with bass, pickerel and perch. One of our "aids" paid a visit there last week, and in company with the Messrs. Geo. E. and Geo. W. Arnold, prominent citizens of Sand Lake and Pauling respectively, succeeded in hooking large quantities of the finny tribe, which, both in quality and size, far exceeded their most sanguine anticipations.

INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW FAIR.—The arrangements for the above, to take place on the River Park Grounds, near Watertown, N. Y., on the 29th, 30th and 31st inst. are now completed, we hear. The premiums offered amount to more than $2,000, and most likely will induce a spirited competition between parties in the states and others from Canada. The directors have announced positively that "Flora Temple," "George M. Patchen," "Ethan Allen," and "Brown Dick" will be present on the occasion to contend for a prize of $1,500. The directors are also negotiating with Governor Seward for the attendance of his three fine Arabian horses, which recently arrived in this country. The grounds are undergoing many improvements, and every facility will be offered to visitors—it being the design of the parties having the management of the exhibition, not only to show fast horses, but to display the best specimens of the different classes, from the large, fine coach horse to the sucking colt. All such exhibitions are of national value, and ought to meet with extensive patronage.

ANOTHER $10,000 MATCH.—We hear that Mr. O. P. Hare has matched his famous colt "Oysterman" against "Prophet," belonging to Mr. F. Morris, of Westchester County, N. Y., for $10,000 a side. Both are of very good stock, and the race, which will be run over the Fashion Course about the time of the great sweepstakes between "Planet," "Congaree" and "David Brown" will doubtless be greatly attractive.

FOOT RACE.—An exciting match has just been made in Newark, N. J., between John Thomas and James Wheatley, for $500 a side. The race is to take place at Camac's Woods, Philadelphia, on the 8th inst., and extraordinary fast time is looked for. Our correspondent has not given us the distance to be run.

ONE HUNDRED YARDS SPIN.—Two pedestrians of Toronto, had a dash of 100 yards on the 22d ult., for a purse of $20. The contestants were Tom Quin and David Simpson. The former won by 1½ yards.

A THOUSAND MILES IN A THOUSAND HOURS.—Thomas Buckley ("Limerick Boy") commenced at Pittsburgh, last week, the task of walking one thousand miles in the same number of consecutive hours, for $250. He seemed confident of succes.

A TALL STRANGER.—A few days since, a Mr. Fred. Decker, of Ossian, Livingston county, New York, paid a visit to this city. He is only nineteen years of age, but rather above the average size of young men, being seven feet high, and weighing three hundred pounds. By trade, he is a lumber-man. He called at several places, where he left his weighty compliments.

ENGLISH SPORTING AND THEATRICAL NEWS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

By the arrival of the latest mails from Europe, we received the following communication from our regular correspondent in England, containing, as usual, interesting items in reference to sporting and theatrical matters, and other events of interest, occurring at the fashionable watering places:—

BRIGHTON, August 3, 1860.

FRIEND FRANK.—The season has been quite dull at the watering places, owing chiefly to the inclemency of the weather, which has not been so cold at a corresponding time of the year, for nearly a century. The races at this favorite sea side resort have not been nearly as exciting they were last year. Ten Broeck had but one horse entered, and, although not the favorite, he came in second. Tom Paddock is here, and is looking well, also, Mr. Gideon, who informs me that he intends bringing Tom Sayers to America. The Christy Minstrels opened here last night under the new management to a very crowded house, the people occupying seats on a great part of the stage, the tickets being from 50 cents to one dollar. The theatre opened on Monday and is doing a fine business. Brighton has also its Canterbury Hall, fitted up in good style, and at which a good company is performing.

Dover, Aug. 7th.—Things are also dull here, owing to the same causes. Jack Hamilton, alias Shepherd, is here, and intends opening a sparring school. Bob Travers, the black, gives an exhibition here to-morrow night. The Christys have done a good business for two nights.

Margate, Aug 10th.—The Campbell Minstrels, at the Tivoli Gardens, are doing only moderately well. They have been here about a week. Charley Fox says he is homesick. The Christys opened at the Theatre Royal last night to a good house. Frank Howes is exhibiting a Hippopotamus, which draws very well indeed. After having shown him sufficiently here he will bring him to America. There is not much else doing here in the way of business, or amusement; therefore as I have nothing more to communicate, I will move on, and sign myself Yours, &c., WIDE AWAKE.

A CANINE DISPLAY.—A game and determined dog fight came off at Cincinnati, on the 11th inst., in the presence of about sixty persons. It was for $50 and for the purpose also of deciding the merits of the combatants, named "Ratler" and "Sport," the respective property of Benny Steventon, of Covington, Ky., and Charles Herbert, of Cincinnati. The dogs were of about equal weight (40 lbs.), and the match was made according to the New York rules. The usual ceremony of tasting, with other preliminaries, having been observed, the dogs were let go. For thirty minutes, Herbert's had the best of the battle. Soon after, however, Steventon's had the advantage. The fight having lasted fifty-nine minutes, without a turn, and it being evident that "Ratler" was the gamest dog, Herbert offered to give the fight to Benny if his dog scratched, which he did—falling three times on his way in. Both dogs died the next day.

BALL PLAY.

THIRD GRAND MATCH AT BASE BALL.

THE GAME BROKEN UP BY ROWDIES.

A DRAWN GAME.

EXCELSIOR VS ATLANTIC.—The third contest between these clubs took place on Thursday, the 23d ult., on the grounds of the Putnam Club, on Broadway and Greene Avenue, Brooklyn, the result being, by mutual agreement, *a drawn game*, the Captain of the Excelsiors, Mr. Leggett, withdrawing his forces from the field, before the conclusion of the first part of the 6th innings, in consequence of the outrageous conduct of the rowdy element of the immense assemblage present, the Excelsiors being in a majority of two runs at the close of the 5th innings, and having a player on each of the 1st and 3d bases, with two hands out, in their 6th innings. The result of this important contest is deeply regretted by the ball playing community, as it cannot but have an injurious effect on the best interests of the game. The game began at 3.10 P. M., the Excelsiors going in to the bat, Russell being their first representative. Russell was sometime at the bat before he could get a ball to suit him, but when he did he hit it well to left field, but Smith fielding it finely, threw it high to Price, who stopped it well, but not before Russell was on the base. Flanly was next, and he made a splendid hit to right field, easily making his first base by it, and bringing Russell home. Whiting then struck a good grounder to left field, which Smith again stopped well, but did not throw it in time to cut off Whiting at first. Polhemus followed with a very fine hit towards left field, which gave him his first base and brought home Whiting, and Brainard, by a well hit ball to right field, sent Harry to his third and gave Brainard his first, and the ball being missed in the field by Hamilton, he made his second, where he remained, while Reynolds tipped out on the bound, and Holder sent him home. Holder doing the latter favor by a fine hit to centre field. P. O'Brien fielded the ball well, but throwing it wildly to home base, to cut off Brainard, he gave Holder a chance to make his second, and by Leggett's hit he got to his third, the ball Leggett hit so well to centre field being beautifully fielded by Oliver to first base, and well held by Price in time to cut off Leggett. Creighton was the ninth striker, and he was splendidly caught on the bound by M. O'Brien, the ball being sent swiftly from the bat. This ended the first innings for the Excelsiors, and the Atlantics then went in to offset the lead of 5 runs their opponents had obtained. Pearce was their first striker and he began play with a splendid hit to right field, which Brainard came within an *ace* of taking on the bound, Pearce easily reaching his first base by the operation, and by a passed ball he made his third. Smith then hit a fine ball to right field, which Russell fielded beautifully, and then threw to Leggett to cut off Pearce, but too late to be in time; Smith, in the interim, running round to his third, which he barely reached in time, Leggett having forwarded the ball, Russell threw it well to Whiting at third, Whiting handling it in fine style—this excellent display of masterly fielding eliciting applause from all present. McMahon was third striker, and after waiting until over thirty balls had been pitched to him he struck the ball to left field, which Flanly caught prettily on the fly. P. O. Brien was next, and he hit a beautiful grounder to right field, which Holder failed to stop and Peter reached his first base, and by an overpitch of Creighton—an unusual occurrence for him—got round to his third, Whiting's fine play at this base again making it a close thing for Peter, he handling the ball splendidly that Leggett threw so well to him. Peter, however, failed to score his run, for Price tipped out on the bound shortly afterwards, the innings closing with one run only for the Atlantics. The Excelsiors then began their second innings, but it proved to be a profitless one as far as the score was concerned, as Russell, after again waiting a long time for the ball, was put out on the bound by McMahon, Flanly on the fly by a good catch of Smith's, and Whiting at first base by a good throw of Smith's, who fielded the ball Flanly had hit to Price, the innings closing for 0 for the Excelsiors. Oliver then took the bat for the Atlantics, and hit an air ball to the neighborhood of Whiting and Reynolds, who let the ball come down without its being caught either on the fly or bound. Oliver, of course, made his first base, and cleverly reached his second, and made his run by Hamilton's splendid grounder to left field. Price reaching his second by his good batting; a ball that Leggett let pass him induced Hamilton to try for his third, but before he reached it the ball was on its way to third also, but not being thrown well, or held by Whiting, Hamilton secured his base, and eventually his run by Matty O'Brien's hit to right field, which Holder fielded well to Russell in time to cut off Matty. Joe Oliver, in the interim, having been beautifully caught on a fly tip by Leggett. Pearce was fifth striker, and he hit the ball well to right field, which was easily taken on the bound by Brainard, the catch closing the innings, the score on even innings being 3 to 6, the Excelsiors having the lead. The third innings was then commenced by Polhemus, who, after being missed on a fly foul by Smith, hit the ball finely to centre field, out of Oliver's long reach, making his first base by it, and his second by a high pitched ball which Pearce was not able to stop, Harry getting home on Brainard's fine hit to centre field, which McMahon missed on the fly. Reynolds then hit a swift bounding ball to Matty O'Brien, who held it beautifully on the bound, and rapidly passed it to Oliver at second, in time to cut off Brainard, the play being brilliant in the extreme. Holder was the fourth striker, and he sent the ball high into the air, which Smith and P. O'Brien ran to get, Peter holding it on the fly, the catch being as fine a one as he ever made. This closed the innings for the Excelsiors, the result being an addition of one run to their score. This run Smith offset by a splendid hit to right field in the third innings of the Atlantics, which Holder let pass him, and Brainard missing it too, gave Charley a chance to reach his second, and by a poor throw of Creighton's to Holder, Smith reached his third, and McMahon's hit to left field brought him home, McMahon being easily caught on the bound by Flanly, who was doing his duty well at left field. P. O'Brien was then put out on the fly by Leggett from a foul ball, and Price followed suit by going out at first base from a poor hit which Creighton easily fielded to Russell at first base. The score now stood 4 to 6, and the Atlantics began to gain confidence in their ability to rub off that lead of 5 obtained by their opponents in the first innings. Leggett was first striker in the fourth innings, and he was put out on the fly by Matty O'Brien. Creighton then struck an air ball to right field which was badly judged by Price, Creighton getting to his first base by Price's failing to catch the ball on the fly. An over-pitch of Matty's gave Creighton his second base, and Russell's hit to right field sent him home, Russell being caught on the bound by Hamilton. Flanly was next, and he also was missed on the fly, this time by P. O'Brien, who let the ball drop from his hands, and the ball from Matty's hands striking the home base afterwards gave Flanly his third, and another mischance of the kind brought him home, and just in time, too, for Whiting was splendidly caught on the fly by Oliver, who ran some distance from second base to get it. The Atlantics then took the bat for the fourth time, Oliver hitting the ball well to left field which Whitney fielded beautifully to Russell in time to put Oliver out. Hamilton then hit a ripping grounder to left field on which he easily made his first, and working round to his second reached his third by a passed ball, but there he remained, for Joe Oliver was prettily caught out in a tip on the bound by Leggett, and M. O'Brien was well caught on the fly by Holder. Leggett missed the ball on the fly—it striking his neck—and in taking it on the bound the Umpire failed to see it, and decided it not out; but Oliver had seen it, and, like a gentleman, walked from the base, knowing he was out; but McMahon told him to go back and await the decision of the Umpire who at once on Joe Leggett's explanation; decided him out. This closed the fourth innings, the Excelsiors still having the lead, the score being 8 to 4. The Excelsiors then went in for their fifth innings, but they were rapidly disposed of, Polhemus, Brainard and Reynolds successively disappearing from the scene of action, the former being neatly put out on a tip on the bound by Pearce, and the two latter by Price at first base, P. O'Brien being credited with good fielding and throwing as short stop in both instances. The Atlantics now went in for the important fifth innings. Pearce being the first striker. He was first missed on a tip bound by Leggett, and then made his first base by a good hit to right field which Holder failed to stop in time to cut him off at first. Smith was next, and then was commenced a second edition of the splendid batting that marked the seventh innings in the last contest, for Smith hit a magnificent ball to left field, easily getting to his second base by it. This was followed by a fine grounder to left field by McMahon, which brought home Smith and enabled McMahon to make his first, the ball, too, being well fielded by Whiting. P. O'Brien, however, broke the run of batting by a poor hit to right field, which fell foul into Russell's hand on the fly. McMahon afterwards ran for his third base and made it, but he narrowly escaped being put out; he had overrun his base, and held it by his hand only, apparently, while judgment was being called, and he rose up and lifted his hand off the base, seeing which, Whiting rapidly touched him with the ball a second time before he could again place his hand on the base, and he was decided out. McMahon said his foot was on the base, Whiting said not; the question is, if his foot did touch the base, whence the necessity of his putting his hand on it? At any rate, he had no right to dispute the decision of the Umpire, and all who upheld him in the matter, acted equally wrong. This action of McMahon's led to the commencement of the disturbance by the betting fraternity who, of course took advantage of so favorable an opportunity of gratifying their rowdy feelings, and the ill feeling was not diminished at all by the loss of the third hand by Price, who was well caught on the fly by Reynolds, the fifth innings closing by leaving the Excelsiors in a majority of two runs. They began their sixth innings by Holder's being put out at first base through the good fielding of Smith and Price. Leggett then hit a poor air ball, which Matty O'Brien missed on the fly and bound both, but Peter O'Brien picked the ball up and threw it finely to first, Joe narrowly escaping being put out by Peter's good play. Creighton then hit a good ball towards short field which Peter held finely and threw it to Oliver, putting out Leggett, and Oliver promptly forwarded it to Price, but Price missed holding it, and Creighton made his base. These successive errors in fielding did not improve the temper either of the Atlantics or their very questionable friends, and the rowdy spirit of the crowd again began to display itself still more forcibly, and when Russell hit the ball to left field, and Smith missed it on the fly, and this was followed by Price again failing to hold it at first base; the crowd began to get uproarious in the extreme, and so insulting were the epithets bestowed on the Excelsiors, that Leggett decided to withdraw his forces from the field, and we certainly think he acted wisely in so doing, and we only regret that he was not supported in his course by the Atlantic nine, as that was the only method of putting a stop to the outrageous conduct of the low gambling set that were present on the occasion. Further comment is unnecessary, especially as we intend referring again to this matter at a more fitting opportunity, and we therefore refer to the score for further particulars of the game. Before doing so, however, we would take occasion to remark that great credit is due the Putnam Club for the liberal disposition of their fine grounds to the two clubs; and the courtesy shown the members of the press by the gentlemanly scorers on the occasion, Messrs. W. H. Young and Geo. R. Rogers, who are well worthy of special notice, and last, but not least, the preservation of a clear field and good order by the police force under the command of Superintendent Foulks—for assuredly it was not their province, no more than it was in their power, to stop the voices of the crowd—merits most favorable comment.

BATTING.

ATLANTIC.	H. L.	RUNS.	EXCELSIOR.	H. L.	RUNS.
Pearce, catcher	1	2	Russell, 1st base	2	1
Smith, 3d base	1	2	Flanly, left field	1	2
McMahon, centre field	3	0	J Whiting, 3d base	2	1
P O'Brien, short stop	2	0	Polhemus, centre field	1	2
Price, 1st base	3	0	Brainard, right field	2	1
Oliver, 2d base	1	1	Reynolds, short stop	3	0
Hamilton, right field	0	1	Holder, 2d base	2	0
Joe Oliver, left field	2	0	Leggett, catcher	3	0
M O'Brien, pitcher	2	0	Creighton, pitcher	1	1
Total		6	Total		8

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Atlantic	1	2	1	0	2					—6
Excelsior	5	0	1	2	0					—8

FIELDING.

	Fly.	B'nd.	Base.			Fly.	B'nd.	Base.
Pearce	0	2	0	Russell	1	0	4	
Smith	1	0	0	Flanly	1	1	0	
McMahon	0	1	0	J Whiting	0	0	1	
P O'Brien	1	0	0	Polhemus	0	0	0	
Price	0	0	4	Brainard	0	1	0	
Oliver	1	0	1	Reynolds	1	0	0	
Hamilton	0	1	0	Holder	1	0	0	
Joe Oliver	0	0	0	Leggett	2	2	0	
M O'Brien	1	2	0	Creighton	0	0	0	
Total	4	6	5	Total	6	4	5	

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly.	Bound.	1st Base.	2d Base.	3d Base.	Foul.		Fly.	Bound.	1st Base.	2d Base.	3d Base.	Foul.
Pearce	0	1	0	0	0	0	Russell	0	2	0	0	0	0
Smith	0	0	1	0	0	0	Flanly	1	0	0	0	0	0
McMahon	1	1	0	0	1	0	J Whiting	1	0	1	0	0	0
P O Brien	0	0	0	0	0	2	Polhemus	0	0	0	0	0	1
Price	1	0	1	0	0	1	Brainard	0	0	1	1	0	0
Oliver	0	0	1	0	0	0	Reynolds	0	1	1	0	0	1
Hamilton	0	0	0	0	0	0	Holder	1	0	1	0	0	0
Joe Oliver	0	0	0	0	0	2	Leggett	1	0	1	1	0	0
M O'Brien	1	0	1	0	0	0	Creighton	0	1	0	0	0	0
Total	3	2	4	0	1	5	Total	4	4	5	2	0	2

NUMBER OF BALLS PITCHED.

BY. M. O'BRIEN.						BY CREIGHTON.					
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	Innings	1	2	3	4	5
To Russell	33	9	0	41	0	10	To Pearce	6	5	0	0	14
Flanly	5	11	0	5	0	0	Smith	9	0	28	0	4
Whiting	9	10	0	18	0	0	McMahon	24	0	34	0	15
Polhemus	11	0	19	0	23	0	P O'Brien	14	0	9	0	1
Brainard	1	0	9	0	15	0	Price	9	0	9	0	11
Reynolds	11	0	15	0	15	0	John Oliver	0	9	0	3	0
Holder	3	0	18	0	0	5	Hamilton	0	33	0	25	0
Leggett	2	0	0	10	0	13	Joe Oliver	0	38	0	22	0
Creighton	5	0	0	5	0	3	M O'Brien	0	11	0	8	0
Total	80	30	61	79	53	31	Total	62	96	80	58	35

Passed balls on which bases were run—Pearce 1, Leggett 3.

Catches missed on the bound—Leggett 1, Brainard 1, M. O'Brien 1.

Times left on third base—P. O Brien 1, Hamilton 1, Holder 1, Creighton 1.

Time of game—Three hours and twenty minutes.

Umpire—R J. Thorn, of the Empire Club.

Scorers—For Atlantic, G. R. Rogers; for Excelsior, Wm. H. Young.

EXCELSIOR VS ATLANTIC.—THE UMPIRE'S DECISION.—The decision of the Umpire in the recent match between these clubs merits notice, as it involves one or two important points in the game that should be well understood by all. It is as follows:—

"My decision on the matter is, *that the game was won by neither party*, inasmuch as it was brought to an abrupt termination by influences entirely outside of the parties interested in the match. But as the stoppage of the game was not by mutual consent, I must decide, *according to the rules*, that the party refusing to play, *forfeits the ball to their opponents.*" R. H THORN, Umpire.

In the first place Mr. Thorn declares it as his decision "that the game was won by neither party," consequently neither party is entitled to the ball, which is the trophy of victory, and belongs solely to the victors in any contest. And again, he states, that, "according to the rules," the Excelsiors forfeit the ball to their opponents. How he reconciles this latter part of his decision with the former we cannot understand; and neither do we perceive how he does so according to the rules. Sections 28, 34 and 35 are the only rules that can in any way bear upon the subject in dispute, and nothing therein refers to the withdrawal of either of the contestants from the field during the progress of the game. Had the Atlantics retained their positions in the field, or returned to them, after remonstrating with the Excelsiors—which course they ought to have pursued or have supported the Excelsiors in their course of action, then ordered the police to keep the crowd in their places, and waited a sufficient length of time for the Excelsiors, either to have returned to their positions on the bases and at the bat, or have left the field; and then asked the umpire for his decision on the withdrawal of their opponents from the game, matters would have been different, and the umpire could justly have decided in their favor—but they did not do so; on the contrary, they agreed with the Excelsiors that the game should be considered as drawn, and thereby, we think, placed it out of their power to receive the ball.

BASE BALL IN CANADA.—A club for the extension of a knowledge of this American game in H. B. M.'s province of Canada, was recently organized in Montreal and named the Excelsior B. B. Its officers are, President, Alex'r McIntosh; Vice President, E. Church; Secretary, D. Townsend; Treasurer, T. Cuddy. Their practice ground for the present, is just above the ground of the Montreal Cricket Club. We trust the club will attain permanence and prosper

THE RING.

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales, wines, liquors, segars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C. Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep. 3-5t*

JOHNNY ROCHE continues to refresh the inner man with the most approved Ales, Liquors, Segars, etc., at "THE UNION," No. 85 James street. The CLIPPER and other papers are on hand for the use of visitors.

THE FALSTAFF.—IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham street, next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand. 35-tf

JAMES MASSEY, (late of London,) No 282½ Bowery, near Houston street, New York. Foreign and domestic newspapers taken regularly. FREE and EASY every Monday and Saturday evenings. 39-tf

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 48-tf

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 48 tf

HEENAN'S COLORS.—We have few more of Heenan's colors, under which he fought the great "International Fight," which may be had for five dollars each.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF HEENAN.—A few copies of an excellent photographic likeness of the champion, may be had by addressing the CLIPPER office; price $1 50.

THE CONTEST BETWEEN

JAMES (AUSTRALIAN) KELLY and DAN KERRIGAN,

FOR ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS A SIDE.

CATCH WEIGHTS,

At Island Pond, Vt, Tuesday, August 21, 1860.

DAN KERRIGAN THE VICTOR—THE BATTLE DECIDED BY A FOUL BLOW.

GALLANT CONDUCT OF KELLY.

FOR some time past the fistic world in this section of the United States has had but little to attract its observation, and it had consequently settled into a state of repose from which it could only be aroused by the announcement that a "lively mill" was at hand. In this frame of mind we were called upon the quarter deck of the CLIPPER, whose commander directed us to prepare for a breeze—there was a "mill" ahead! We were not long in trimming our "kit," and in a few hours afterwards found ourselves under weigh on board the good boat "Empire State," bound eastward. We need not tell our readers that to those on board we were "mum" as to the object of our voyage, or our point of destination. Sufficient for us here to say, that most of those whom we met on board that knew us, presumed that we had determined to accompany the fistic Champion of the World, John C. Heenan, (who was also on board), as a "high private," on his grand starring tour through Yankeedom. With the champion and his associates we had a gay time on the boat and in Boston. It has already been noticed in the CLIPPER, and does not require further comment. At an early hour on Monday morning Aug. 20th we found ourselves, with a right merry crowd of sports (gathered thither by some unmentionable cause), standing in the principal depot of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad. The sober residents of Boston, who are proverbial for their early rising principles, were completely out-generalled by the representatives of the sporting world on this occasion. The ticket agent at the depot, the conductors, runners, greasers, baggagemen—and indeed even the sleepy Boston policemen were completely dumbfounded. What in the world is out? queried the knight of the club. "All for Island Pond?" muttered the ticket seller, as applicant after applicant presented his five fifty at the ticket office window. "Queer set of faces!" growled the baggagemaster, as bag after bag was handed in to be checked. "Lots of iron and any quantity of steam in that crowd," whispered the engineer to the feeder of the steam-horse. The conducting of the train being acquainted with a Boston sport, was by him informed why he had been thus honored, and he promptly placed a comfortable car at the disposal of the boys.

At 6 o'clock the steam whistle announced our readiness for a start, and in a few moments we were moving at a lightning pace towards Island Pond. It was a long, tedious ride, dear reader, of some twelve hours, during which time we travelled between two and three hundred miles, making a brief stop now and then, long enough to allow the sports to "wet up," growl at the bear, or take a bite. The country through which we rode is well worthy the attention of the tourist, and indeed of any member of the human family who can appreciate the beautiful hand-marks of the Supreme Ruler. At about eight o'clock in the evening the welcome voice of the conductor calling for "Tickets?" assured us that we had nearly reached our point of destination, and so it proved, for in a few moments we had the pleasure of entering our name "free the register of the principal hotel located at

ISLAND POND.

This village, so named from its being situated near a handsome fresh water lake, is in the township of Brighton, County of Essex, State of Vermont. It is about 160 miles distant from Montreal, Canada, and 14 miles from the boundary line. There are about five hundred inhabitants, most of whom are farmers, raftsmen, or lumber dealers. The principal business done in the village is at the Custom House, located near by our benevolent "Uncle Sam" to look out for the "Britishers." During the summer months the two hotels located here are filled by Canadian visitors. This season, however, the landlord informed us business had been very dull, as the weather had been cold At the hotels we found ensconced

THE MEN.

DAN KERRIGAN is a fine, hearty, robust fellow, and in appearance every inch a "buffer" of some twenty five summers, looking the type of what he is, *a true son of the ould sod*, he having breathed his first of Earth in the year 1835 in the City of Cork, Ireland. In early life Kerrigan landed on our shores and by choice, shortly after, shipped on board one of our merchantmen, before the mast. "Dan's" first effort in the fistic art; was on board ship with an English lad who thought he could with the "bunch of fives" demolish the youthful Hibernian The sequel proved that the Queen's son was at fault. Dan's shipmates, who had observed this gallant little "turn up" (and who likes one better than Jack?) at once fastened to the then promising boy, and in a kindly way taught him, as far as they were able, the science of defence and attack.

In due time the voyage was completed, Dan returned to his home in New York, and shortly after accepted a challenge, and fought for a "light stake," a young man named Pete O'Donnel. This battle came off about six years since on Ward's Island. A few rounds decided the struggle in Kerrigan's favor. In 1856 he again entered the ring at New Orleans and fought Jack McLoughlin Victory again perched upon Dan's banner. A season passed, and he again visited the "Crescent City," where an impromptu turn-up took place between him and Hen Winkle. The tale is soon told; Dan carried too many guns for the game little Winkle.

In 1859 Kerrigan entered the twenty-four feet square at Manchester, N. H., and fought "Joe" Jones, of Boston. The battle lasted forty-five minutes, at the expiration of which Kerrigan was declared the winner. This contest over, Kerrigan rested upon his laurels until a few weeks since, when he was informed that Kelly, his late opponent, would fight any one hundred and forty pound man in the United States for a stake ranging from $500 to $1000. Kerrigan at once challenged Kelly through the columns of the CLIPPER. Five weeks after its appearance, Kelly notified Kerrigan that he would fight him for $1000, at catch weights. The match was accepted at once, and "Dan" began his preparations for the contest.

JAMES KELLY, better known as "Australian Kelly," was born in Ireland in the year 1830, was known at an early age both in England and Ireland as a most promising boxer; he having been engaged there in several well-contested matches, but for no very large sum of money. The gold fever broke out in Australia almost simultaneously with that of California. Hundreds of enterprising young men at once rushed for the "diggings," and among those who landed on the fields of Australia was James Kelly, the subject of our present sketch He had not filled his pockets, as he expected, when at an unexpected moment a "placer" opened. An English soldier, named Jonathan Sneeth, claimed to be champion of Australia. He had secured so complete possession of the field that there was none to dispute his claim, until Kelly induced a few friends to back him against Sneeth for a stake of $1000 aside. The battle in due time of course came off. Its result, as placed on the fistic record, makes it the most memorable ever fought. For six hours and a quarter did these men of nerve and muscle battle for the supremacy. Sneeth's seconds at length threw up the sponge and Kelly was declared the victor. Kelly next visited New York. A few months after his arrival he had a turn-up with Joe Coburn in the "Express" saloon. There was considerable "keeling and hauling" done on the occasion and Kelly was consequently worsted.

On the 6th of October, 1859, Kelly fought Ned Price in Canada for a stake of $1000 a side. Price won the battle in 13 rounds, which were fought in 30 minutes. Kelly came out of this struggle with a worse bruise than his body could show. Several of his then warmest friends expressed their opinions fully that Kelly lacked that brilliancy without which no man can ever hope to reach a successful or praiseworthy name in the pugilistic world, or, indeed, in any association among honorable men. With this stigma resting upon him, it was natural that Kelly should look about him for the opportunity that would wipe out the blot upon his past career.

And here we will for a moment digress from our line of explanation and say that to our mind no man ever pulled off a shirt who less deserved the name of "cur," or coward, (have it what you will), than does that same James Kelly. As a pugilist he has his faults—faults that neither training or heart can to our mind ever surmount, (especially in a battle with Dan Kerrigan), but his body never held a coward's heart since he was born. We say this much in justice to a defeated man. One with whom we never exchanged a dozen words in our life.

Kerrigan's reply that he was willing to meet Kelly induced the latter at once to offer terms which were readily accepted. Both men at once began their preparations. Hen Winkle was selected as Kelly's mentor, Kit Burns and Johnny Monahan doing the same for Kerrigan, who at once commenced his work at South Malden, a small town about five miles from Boston. Kelly pursued the even tenor of his way at his own place, Weehawken, N. J., where he has a pretty little "snuggery" for the accommodation of visitors. At these two places the men remained until a few days since, when they proceeded to the appointed rendezvous, which was selected by Kerrigan's backer, he having won the choice of ground. Here we found the men

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE.

Immediately on our arrival, we proceeded to the Island Pond Hotel, where we found Kerrigan in bed, looking as tough as a "pine knot," and feeling "as fine as silk." Dan cheerfully conversed with us on the event of the morrow, and seemed to feel quite confident that he would prove himself the best man in the combat. We next proceeded to Kelly's quarters at the Vermont Hotel, where we found him resting upon his couch Kelly gave those who introduced us to him a cordial greeting. He, too, appeared cheerful, but to our eye it was assumed. He had been disappointed by friends whom he had expected to arrive in our train who had not come, and he was, comparatively speaking, alone; while he knew that a large delegation had arrived to cheer his opponent in the eventful struggle that was so soon to follow. We left the room speedily, grieving within the recesses of our own heart that man should be so frail, and friendship but a name. In this mood of contemplation we retired that we might be better prepared for

THE EVENTFUL MORNING.

At early dawn on the 31st it was excitement in all the hotels, and in the village every body seemed to have a mysterious something resting upon their minds. Every kind of available vehicle was called into requisition, and at six o'clock the two coaches in which the principals were seated lead the van. There must have been at least seventy-five heavily loaded vehicles in the line of the procession. On we rode at a brisk trot upon hill and over mountain, until we had travelled about two miles and a half from the hotels. Here a halt was made, a spot selected in the rear of a comfortable looking farm house, the proprietor of which not only gave his consent for the use of the ground, but with his scythe mowed the grass, "that the lads might fall easy," as he said. Commodore John Montgomery, the veteran manager of ring matters, (and who can equal him) at once proceeded to the discharge of his duties, and in a brief period with stakes and ropes formed the

BEST TWENTY-FOUR FEET RING EVER SEEN.

The men were not long in making their appearance after the completion of this admirable arena. The sports present united in one general opinion that this one was the best they had ever seen. It was designed and, we believe, is owned by Jack Montgomery. The stakes are of turned white oak, the ropes being rove through "head holes" on each stake.

THE COLORS.

Kerrigan sported a color of black and blue, the latter stripedand the ground black. Kelly threw to the breeze a modest white relieved by a pretty striped pink border, both in good taste.

THE FIGHT.

Kelly was the first to shy his "dapper" into the ring, which he did at a few minutes past seven; he was attended by Hen Winkle and Harry Finegass, who officiated as his seconds. John Wood served as his bottle holder and Thomas Grew, of Boston, as umpire. Kelly entered the ring with a happy face, and as he threw his hat in, said to one of Kerrigan's trainers, with a pleasant smile, "Here she goes, Kit" (Kit Burns). Some time elapsed before Kerrigan followed suit. He did, however, at length enter, followed by Jimmy White and Johnny Monahan as seconds. Kit Burns appeared as Kerrigan's bottle holder and "chaffer general," Barney Ford as umpire for the winner; Charley Godfrey, of Boston, was selected as referee, and John Gallagher, of the same city, very faithfully discharged the duties of time-keeper. Previous to the men entering the ring a collection was taken up, at the suggestion of Jack Montgomery, for the brave farmer who had nerve enough to permit his land to be used for a prize fight. Fifteen dollars rewarded him for his kindness, and his wife told "Jack," when he handed it to her, that she would buy a cow with it. Johnny Green says that "it is not every fight that can produce a cow." Bully for him! say we. Corners have been tossed for, and the choice won by Kerrigan (whom a slight prominence in the one he chose raised almost to the size of a six foot man); Kit Burns drew the scratch, the hands were crossed, and the time-keeper called in a clear tone,

TIME.

ROUND 1. Both men faced the music in a free and easy style. Of the two, Kelly is the taller man, but Kerrigan's fortunate choice of corners placed him, on toeing the scratch, upon a slight rise of ground, which gave him an advantage of height over his opponent. In a word, Kerrigan had the appearance of a six feet man. The positions of the men were artistic, and well worthy of the highest commendation. Kerrigan's reach was much shorter than that of Kelly, whose flesh did not at all suit us; it seemed soft and flabby. We do not assert that all the finer points of the body were not developed—quite to the contrary; but they had not the essential hardness, the sound of the metal, that Kerrigan's possessed to a high degree. But little time was lost in sparring for an opening. Kelly led off in the dance with his left, and caught his opponent over the bridge of the eye; it should have made an opening, but instead, scarcely flushed the hide. "Dan" feinted to get in a return, but Kelly objected, and dispatched another messenger to the side of Kerrigan's trap. This was followed by a clinch and a struggle for the fall; both men kissed the sod together, side by side—if anything, Kerrigan on top. On being taken to their corners we noticed Jimmy White very busy sponging from Kerrigan a show of the ruby. Not a friend of Kelly's then present observed the treasure, and we presumed that Kelly was about to lose another point in the chequered game before him. Time, 1 min. 45 sec.

2. The men came up like jay birds on call, and after reaching their position, Hen Winkle, Kelly's second, noticed blood on Kerrigan's lip and claimed first blood for Kelly; the claim was not disputed, and, of course, Dan led off, but was short. Kelly returning with a powerless right hander upon the neck. Dan next time was more successful and caught Kelly upon the side of the chin, who in return made an ugly right hand lunge at Kerrigan's back; he missed and made an amusing effort to kiss the grass which he succeeded. Time 30 seconds.

3. The men up briskly: Dan made a handsome offer with his right; Kelly threw it off. Dan tried again, got home and received a reply; good exchanges on both sides. A clinch, Kelly down. Time 1 min.

4. A quick reply to the time keeper on both sides. Kelly led with his right and a warmer, judging from the noise it made, yet we saw nothing of it afterwards. Dan returned with interest, indeed he gave two for one, on the bridge of Kelly's right eye and in the corner of the mouth in which a hole was made that led us to believe Dan had been taking lessons in the use of a shoemaker's punch. Kelly slipped and went down, Kerrigan on top. Time 1 min., 50 sec.

5 Kelly up first and quick at work; no harm done. Kelly on the sod, and when carried to his corner was seemingly fatigued. 1 min., 40 seconds.

6. Dan was up first and crossed the score to meet Kelly; his second cautioned him about being too anxious for business. Kerrigan stepped back and Kelly met him at the scratch, sending out at the same time a well-aimed right hander. Dan countered and got home with power. Lively in fighting, and ribs and jowls suffering; at the end of the round both men down, Kelly under and, apparently, distressed. Time 1 min.

7. Both quickly up, but a little time desired to take a puff or two of Green Mountain air, it is so refreshing. Feinting at an end, Kelly in on Dan's cheek. A moment's fibbing at short arm; a clinch and Kelly, with lightning rapidity, sent Dan to his mother earth. Great cheering for Kelly, especially from the mountaineers, who had by this time been enlisted in Kelly's favor. Time, 1 min. 20 sec.

8. Men slow to time. Dan crosses the score towards Kelly's corner; is called back by his seconds, where he can repossess himself of the advantage of height of ground. Kelly here made one of his runs (head down) for a clinch; heavy fibbing on both sides, each man sending home heavy cracks, as sharp as a wasp and as quick as a flea. Another buckle for the throw and Dan down heavily; great cheering for Kelly, the round all in his favor. Time, 4 min. 20 sec.

9. Dan up first, looking as "fresh as a daisy;" feinting, Dan sent out his right but was short; a clinch followed and then both men down together, Kerrigan on top; any man's round. Time, 2 min. 15 sec.

10 Kerrigan first on time, Kelly started at once on one of his "head down" runs; a clinch, a fib or two, and Kelly down—doubtless to clear a dangerous visitor. Time 1 min. 20 sec.

11 Short work; a clinch and Kelly thrown with ease. Time 30 seconds.

12 Kelly quick and seemingly willing to play at give and take. Kelly commenced beating on Dan's drum. This fun not being suitable to Dan's notions of what was proper, he proposed close work; Kelly accepted and body fibbing followed; this concluded, Kerrigan threw Kelly handsomely. $100 to 25 offered on Kerrigan—no takers. Time, 15 sec.

13. Kelly as willing as ever commenced the work for a throw, Dan met him with an arm lock and spread his opponent on the sod. Time, 1 min.

14 Kelly's phiz commencing to swell, and otherwise showing the effects of Dan's handiwork. Kelly still fearlessly making the fighting, Dan clung to his old game—the defensive. Short work, Kelly again locked himself to Kerrigan and threw him in style, *a la Heenan*. Time, 1 min. 20 sec.

15. Short work; in-fibbing, a clinch, and throw, Kerrigan, though on top, striking his head with much force against the earth in the fall Time 1 m. 24 sec.

16 This was the first round in which any apparent change was made in the tactics of Kerrigan. In this round he introduced his *astonishing drop game*, and we are free to confess that in our experience we never saw or heard of a man who could claim to be the equal of Dan in this respect. Our opinion as to this mode of fighting will be frankly expressed hereafter, without fear or favor. But of the round. Dan led off and deposited a stunner on the side of Kelly's neck, which was quickly followed by another on the face. Kelly was not idle during this time, but returned, as far as blows were concerned, measure for measure. With the delivery of one of these returns, Dan, with the quickness of thought, was on his knees, his head back ready for a blow, if one came. It came, and an appeal for a foul was made, but the non-intent of Kelly was so clear to all that it was not allowed; Kelly, however was cautioned. Time 1 m. 30 sec.

17. Kelly still doing the hard work by making the fighting. Away he started, *head down*, for Kerrigan's body; this time he was met by a heavy upper cut from Kerrigan's left; Kelly persevered and got home on Dan's body with two or three heavy whacks. Dan again on his knees, as if inviting a foul; Kelly saved himself, however, in good season, and walked to his corner. Time 25 sec.

18. Both men still willing to answer the call of time. After considerable feinting Kelly made another head drive, but was expertly met by Dan, who sent in a teazer on Kelly's eye, who, nothing daunted, hurried in three or four well-timed blows. Dan again wound up the round with a drop, Kelly having much the best of the rounds. Time 2 m. 45 sec.

19. Up and at it was the word. Several lively exchanges, a clinch, and Dan threw Kelly, falling upon him heavily. Kerrigan's round 57 sec.

20 A repetition of the last—except that Kelly evidently suffered the most punishment. Time 40 sec.

21. Kelly still gallantly contending for victory against what we thought fearful odds. Kerrigan had thus far hardly begun to fight; Kelly had manfully carried the burthen of the battle, and it began to tell the tale of cause and effect. Several exchanges passed between the parties, when Kelly caught Kerrigan around the neck near the ropes, where had he had strength to hold him, and the power to work a sledge hammer, it would have been all up with Dan; as it was, it was like "Dave" Pollock's steamboat "Only Son" trying to hold back the "Great Eastern." Dan easily relieved himself from the hold, and dropped to grass. Time 1 minute 30 seconds.

22 Kelly followed Kerrigan briskly to the score with danger in his eye—at least the inclination was there; a blow or two preceded a clinch, and Dan was on his knees. Time 45 seconds.

23. Dan came to the scratch with his usual half-opened left, one or two pointless exchanges passed, when Dan again dropped in time to receive Kelly's blow. A foul was claimed, but not allowed Time 1 minute 7 seconds.

24. The best round in the battle, so far as fighting was concerned, each of the principals seemed to relish their gruel with great gusto. In this round we began to think Kerrigan really meant fighting, and nothing short. The in-fighting was admirable, and brought to a close by Kerrigan, who gave Kelly a cross buttock. $100 to 40, on Kerrigan; $600 to $400, cried out a "sharper" that the fight don't last an hour. Time 1 min. 50 sec.

25. Dan led off and got two good slugs in on Kelly's face and body, drawing thereby still more extensively from Kelly's fount of life. Kelly, doubtless, not relishing too much of a good thing dashed in madly at Dan; here was the propitious moment—this the time to close the game. Once more Dan dropped upon his knees, and once again Kelly struck him when down. Time 1 min. 45 sec. Time of whole battle 45 minutes.

"The jig was up," the blow was too palpable to be denied. The appeal was made, Barney Ford, Kerrigan's Umpire, appealed to Thomas Grew, Kelly's representative. Appeal to the referee, replied Grew. The referee answered, "I did not see the blow struck, and cannot decide." "Well, then," said Grew, "*I saw the blow struck and it was a foul.*" The referee said he regretted such a termination of the battle, but inasmuch as the two Umpires had decided it to be a foul he had nothing else to do but to declare that Kerrigan was the victor.

Thus ended the match. The parties in attendance proceeded to their vehicles to prepare for a start towards the hotel. We should perhaps add that while the men were in the ring, and after the decision had been rendered, Phil. Collins, a friend of Kerrigan offered to bet $1000 to $600 that Kerrigan could conquer Kelly, and let them fight it out then and there. "You know I have no money Phil," replied the gallant though defeated Kelly, in a voice that would have awoke almost the heart of a stone, and it did Johnny Green's, (noble fellow!) one of Kerrigan's principal backers, who walked over and "palmed" Kelly with a fifty dollar note and there were others there who gave their note with the same cheerfulness.

REMARKS.

A few words will suffice to close our report of this match. Of the men we have but this to say: Dan Kerrigan possesses to an extraordinary degree the necessary ingredients from which naught but a first class boxer can spring. He has youth, science, build-power, health, and above all else, he has any quantity of heart, without which the other attributes would be useless. If he possesses all these—and most certainly he does—why should he ever engage in any battle but what was A FAIR STAND UP FIGHT? Think of it, Dan, for the future. You can drop to perfection, but it is unworthy of you. You could have won your battle with Kelly without resorting to the chance which gave it to you. James Kelly has, as we have before said, all the heart requisite, but he lacks in so many other essential points—but we will not attempt to allude to them. Attend to you business, James; you are a gallant fellow, and will be sustained. Let the Prize Ring be in the hands of those better suited to the profession than you are. The men were both ably handled by their respective seconds, who deserve especial mention. In conclusion we beg leave to return our thanks to the many friends who were so profuse in their attentions towards us. Good sense, however, whispers it was to the CLIPPER, not the man who represented the craft. Without naming any, we trust soon again to meet those friends to whom we have made a sort of wholesale allusion. In the language of our eminent grand commander, "We trust all the brothers are satisfied."

THE RING IN CINCINNATI.

Fight between Ike Hill and Enoch Burton, for $500.

Saturday, August, 18, 1860.

This encounter took place on the Kentucky side of the river, and appears to have originated from an old grudge between the parties. The men engaged in this passage of arms were both Englishmen, named Ike Hill and Enoch Burton. Ike is a young fellow about 30 years of age, slender make, very small muscle, and weighs about 115 lbs. Enoch is a little older, displays far more muscular power, and weighs about 130 lbs. Much secrecy had been kept in regard to the place of fighting, and in order to keep away the mob, which is ever on the alert when an event like the present is to come off. A report was circulated that the fight was to come off at a certain place—and what gave color to it, the champions were driven out in a carriage in that direction, but shortly afterwards wheeled about and left the "coves" behind. On reaching the spot fixed upon for the fight a ring was already formed, which was surrounded by a goodly number of the fancy.

On the men making their appearance in the mystic circle, we noticed that Enoch looked far more powerful than his opponent Nevertheless, the friends of the little ones were very sanguine of success, even bets being freely laid. Ike was waited upon by Johnny Horrigan, the referee being Morris Bloomin.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As they approached the scratch, we observed considerable nervous excitement on the part of Enoch, whilst the little man came up, cool as a cucumber, and full of confidence. After shaking hands, the men threw themselves into position, and commenced sparring, when Ike hit out with his left, and got home on Enoch's ribs. A rally now took place, in which Enoch was thrown.

2. Both men came gaily to the scratch, when Enoch let fly right and left, landing one on Ike's cheek, which was returned by a nasty one from Ike's right, getting well on the potatoe trap, from the effects of which the claret flowed. Cries of "first blood for Ike." Sharp fighting now took place, when Enoch went down.

3. The men approached the scratch carefully, Enoch showing evident signs of distress. Ike saw it, rushed in, and planted a round hander on the side of the nut, which was returned by a right handed one from Enoch, landing on the *os frontis*; both now clinched, Enoch getting Ike round the neck, when they fell together, Ike uppermost.

4. Ike lashed out with his right; a rally ensued and both down.

5. Enoch now plainly exhibited a want of condition, as he blowed like a porpoise, and his blows had no more force than if delivered by a boy of ten years of age. Ike shot out his left, landing a stinger on Enoch's ribs. Close fighting now took place, Enoch getting pretty well pummelled about the face, when he was thrown.

6. Sparring for wind. Enoch much distressed, slightly fibbing, when both clinched, Ike getting Enoch's head in chancery, and downed him on the ropes.

7. Slight fibbing on both sides, Enoch not thinking it policy to get too near his man. But Ike was determined to make play; following Enoch to his corner, he sent out a nasty one, which located on Enoch's left peeper, and sent him to grass. Cries of "first knock-down for Ike."

8. Sharp fighting, Enoch receiving all, and giving nothing. Enoch went down to avoid punishment.

9. Enoch very weak, but game, rushed in and caught Ike round the neck; but the latter fibbed away with his right, damaging Enoch's frontispiece considerably, and forcing him to let go, when Enoch fell through the ropes.

10. Enoch came slowly up, as though afraid to get too near his man. Ike stood with arms down, grinning at him, when they commenced sparring. Enoch getting in a little one, but short of steam, on Ike's right ogle; both clinched, when Enoch was thrown.

11. Enoch received on the face, and was glad to get down.

12 Ike came bounding up to the scratch as active as a deer, and better than when he first entered the roped arena, while Enoch staggered about like a drunken man. Ike feinted several times with his left, when he gave one, two, three, on Enoch's ivory box, which sent him to mother earth.

13. A little give and take, Enoch striking out very wild, and went down.

14 Enoch received a volley on the face, which again grassed him.

15. Enoch was by this time extremely weak, but very game, although he had no earthly show to win; nevertheless, he persevered, thinking, no doubt, that while there is life there is hope. Thus buoyed up, he approached the scratch until 45 rounds had been fought, receiving all the punishment. The little one during this time was as good as when he first entered the ring. Cries were now raised from almost every part of the ring for Enoch's seconds to take him away, which it was only right that they should do, as he had no chance to win, and to see a game man punished under such circumstances is wrong. When time was called for the 46th round, Enoch's seconds wisely threw up the sponge, Ike being proclaimed winner of the fight in 45 rounds, lasting 56 minutes.

REMARKS.

Neither of the men were much bruised, and everything went off in a (to the fancy) most satisfactory manner. Sweetman and McCarthy kept the ring, and preserved order throughout the fistic tournament—no easy thing in such encounters.

DEATH OF YOUNG SAMBO.—This once celebrated pugilist died in London on the 4th ult., at the age of 42, after a long and severe illness. Sambo, whose real name was Welsh, was in his day a very game fellow, and possessed of considerable science, but his physical strength was never sufficiently great to enable him to achieve great victories. He, however, invariably distinguished himself by his game and resolution. His fights with Alec Keene, Billy Jordan, Jem Cross, &c., must be fresh in the recollections of all old ring-goers. We regret to hear he leaves a widow and three children in utter destitution, his long illness (consumption) incapacitating him from carrying on his business. Sambo was for many years barber and hair dresser to the pugilistic fraternity, by whom he was much liked. He was one of the most civil, well-behaved fellows of his class. A number of his friends intend, we are glad to learn, getting up a benefit for the widow and family.

NAPOLEON ON THE DEFENSIVE.—Cleveland, Aug. 22.—FRANK QUEEN—*Sir:* I noticed an article in the CLIPPER a week or two since, in which my name was used in a very unfavorable manner. I am accused by Mackey and Andrews of borrowing gloves and not returning them, cheating printers, hotel keepers, proprietors of halls, travelling under another man's name, &c. Now in regard to each and all of these charges, there is not a word of truth in any of them, and I defy any one to say that I am guilty of either of the charges. A sett of gloves were borrowed from Andrews by Jack Campbell, which were not returned; but this is not my fault, as I had nothing to do with the matter. I would merely suggest to Messrs. Andrews and Mackey that they should be a little more careful about publishing and defaming persons without a shadow of reason for so doing. By publishing this you will oblige Yours truly, JOE NAPOLEON.

JOHNNY MACKEY and John Sweetman were at last accounts in Cincinnati, where they gave an exhibition at Palace Garden to over 1500 people.

A MATCH is said to have been made in Minersville, Pa., between two men named Bradley and Mirac, for $100; to fight on the 3d of September.

FIGHT BETWEEN TWO BOYS.—We understand that a spirited little "mill" came off on the 23d ult. a short distance from Providence, R. I., between two boys named respectively, Billy Howard and Bob Grant. They were fifteen and sixteen years of age, and resorted to the ring only with the view of settling some little difference which had occurred between them. Four rounds, we hear, were fought in fifteen minutes, both lads showing courage and skill. Howard was the winner.

HARRY LAZARUS REFERS TO CHARLES FAGAN.—New York, Aug. 24, 1860.—FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* Having heard that Charles Fagan, of St. Louis, (who lately defeated Dennis Horrigan,) wishes to fight me, I beg to inform him that I will make a match to fight him for $1000 a side, at 112 lbs., give or take 2 lbs., in three months from the first deposit; to fight half way between St. Louis and New York. And if he declines, I will fight any other man breathing on the same terms. By sending a deposit of not less than $50 to the CLIPPER office, or to Mr. Robert Smith, at the Bugle, 109 Grand st., N. Y., it will be attended to. HARRY LAZARUS.

P. S.—No other terms whatever will suit me.

BENEFIT OF OLD BILL TOVEE.—On the 8th inst., at a hall, situated on the corner of Green Lane and York street, Brooklyn, a sparring entertainment will take place and for the benefit of the veteran Tovee. Phil. Clare, who has not appeared in public for some time past, has given his word to be present and don the mits. Pete Downey, Joe Fletcher, and Jem G——, of Brooklyn, will appear:—these men have not sparred in public for many years and at one time were held in high repute by the sporting fraternity of Brooklyn. No doubt the mention of their names will attract a large attendance. Scotty of Brooklyn, will be present and will spar with any light weight, anxious for a friendly bout. Johnny Adams after many years absence from the "sporting circles," and Old Tovee will appear in the wind-up, which we think will prove a most interesting affair.

DAN KERRIGAN, the late successful opponent of Australian Kelly, at Island Pond, will take a benefit on the 4th inst., at Kerrigan's Hall, 22 White street. Johnny Roche and Dan Kerrigan will "exchange civilities" in the "wind-up" of the sports of the evening. Tickets 25 cents.

ALF WALKER, brother to Johnny, and the same who beat Joe Hollies, the spider in 1854, arrived in this country from London, on the 21st ult. He makes Jemmy Massey's his headquarters.

"HURRAH FOR THE LIGHTWEIGHTS!"—Billy Donnelly, the game little opponent of Tom Fox, takes a benefit at 22 White street, on Tuesday of this week. Tickets 25 cents.

SPARRING IN LOUISVILLE, KY.—A sparring exhibition for the benefit of Jack Sanders, took place at Odd Fellows Hall, on the 19th ult. The beneficiare was assisted by Johnny Mackey and Johnny Sweetman. The set to between Sanders and Sweetman was a magnificent one. Sanders proved to his many friends present, that he knew a thing or two of the manly art. A display made by Johnny Mackey and Frank Rackins was warmly applauded, the set to ending with Mackay being floored. Bendigo and Tom Hazeltine made a good set-to, also Johnny Lewis and the Unknown. The sparring fraternity of Louisville desire to express their thanks through the CLIPPER to Messrs Mackay and Sweetman for their unobtrusive and gentlemanly deportment while in that city.

CRICKET.

ST GEORGE, OF PHILADELPHIA, VS DELAWARE, OF LAMBERTSVILLE.—A match took place on the grounds of the latter club, at Lambertsville, Pa., on the 11th inst., between the 2d eleven of the former club and the first of the latter, which resulted in favor of the Delaware eleven in one innings and 39 runs. The score is as follows:

DELAWARE—First Innings.

Cowin c Cobb b Deemer	59	Butterfoss b Wilkins	2
Wright b Pratt	9	Reading run out	6
Bloom b Cobb	3	Burroughs c Cobb b Pratt	0
Angel b Deemer	15	Scarborough not out	0
Bennett b Deemer	0	Byes 17, leg byes 3, wides 2	22
Reynolds c Cobb b Wilkins	25		
Boozer b Wilkins	2	Total	123

ST. GEORGE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Wilkins b Butterfoss	3	c Wright b Butterfoss	0
Pratt run out	1	c Bennett b Reading	31
Cobb c Scarborough b Wright	0	l b w b Angel	2
Deemer c Angel b Butterfoss	5	c Boozer b Angel	1
Megary b Butterfoss	0	not out	4
Davis b Wright	1	b Angel	0
Collon b Wright	1	b Reading	0
Patterson c Butterfoss b Wright	11	b Butterfoss	2
Young b Butterfoss	1	b Bennett	4
Myers not out	0	run out	4
Hollonham run out	0	c Reading b Angel	3
Total	27	Total	57

SATELLITE VS. NEW YORK.—The first eleven of the former club met and defeated the second, or rather a mixed eleven of the latter, at Hoboken, on the 23d ult. The Satellites' score in the first innings was 66, and their second 44, making a total for both innings of 110 The New York scored 22 in the first innings, and 16 in the second, making a total for both innings of only 38. This result was mainly owing to the straight bowling of Messrs. Walton and Watson, who were well seconded in their efforts by the good fielding of their co-"Satellites." The fielding of the New York eleven was very good, as also the bowling of G. Osborn and Garrison, but they found that the "lesser lights" were too strong a team to contend against. Altogether the day passed off very agreeably, and the most kindly feeling animated both sides. In the presentation of the ball by Mr. Upton, the captain of the New York, he took occasion to advert to the principles upon which the Satellite Club is founded and regretted that the enforcement of such rules would prevent their playing the return match, i. e., "barring professionals and members of more than one club." The President of the Satellites, in receiving the ball, replied in brief terms, regretting the determination arrived at by the New York Club, and hoped they would reconsider the matter, and adopt similar principles before long. The score:—

NEW YORK.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Parker b Watson	6	c Herring b Watson	
G Osborn b Watson	2	c Higgins b Watson	
Upton c Herring b Watson	5	b Watson	
Garrison run out	0	c Kelsey b Watson	
Robinson b Watson	0	c and b Watson	
J Osborn c Palin b Watson	5	not out	
T Osborn l b w b Watson	2	b Watson	
Lindsay b Watson	0	b Watson	
G Seeley b Watson	0	b Watson	
W Howell, Jr, not out	0	st Walker b Watson	1
Leg bye 1, wide 1	2	Leg bye 1, byes 2	3
Total	22	Total	16

SATELLITE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Tribeck c Garrison b Osborn	1	b Garrison	5
Sammond b Upton	6	not out	0
Watson b Garrison	3	b G Osborn	5
Watson run out	3	c T Osborn b Robinson	0
Herring b Garrison	1	run out	0
Higgins not out	16	c C Robinson b Osborn	7
Thl run out	11	b Garrison	20
Palin run out	0	c Robinson b G Osborn	0
Dumper c Garrison b Upton	11	c Garrison	0
Walker run out	3	run out	2
Kelsey b Garrison	4	c T Osborn b G Osborn	6
Bye 1, leg bye 1, wides 5	7	Leg bye 1, wides 4	5
Total	66	Total	44

Scorers—For the Satellite, R Welch; for the New York, H Horton.
Umpires—For the Satellite, R C Grown; for the New York, J Seeley.

A GOOD MATCH.—A good cricket match in more respects than one takes place at Hoboken on Saturday, Sept. 1st, between Mr. Sharp, the President of the N. Y. club, and ten of his employees, and Mr. Spivey, the worthy Secretary of the club, and 10 of the third eleven, neither of the principals to bowl, and each to go in last. This will make an excellent and an amusing match, and Mr. Sharp's example in this instance might be well followed by others having persons in their employ. We hope the weather will be favorable, and that they will have a good time. We regret exceedingly that time will not permit of our being present to take part in the proceedings,

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

OUR VISITOR FROM ABROAD AND WHAT WE OUGHT TO SHOW HIM.—As it seems to be the determination of the folks hereabouts to give a hearty welcome to the Prince of Wales, and to show him all they can, and as some mention was made of the young gentleman in our last issue, in connection with one of our popular pastimes, we may perhaps be allowed to indicate a game in which New Yorkers excel, as that of which it would be advisable the Prince should witness a display. We mean Base Ball. There are many clubs in our neighborhood who play this game, and many a fine exhibition might be arranged, to the satisfaction of our visitor, who, while in England, was noted for his skill in the kindred game of cricket. We do not, however, intend to confine our wishes to the speciality of Base Ball alone, but to extend those wishes, and the endeavors necessary to back them, to several other pastimes which New Yorkers delight in; remembering that we have fast horses and fast boats in our midst, with the performances of which the son of Queen Victoria could not be otherwise than gratified. On the aquatic side of the question, there are hereditary reasons why the Prince of Wales should not depart from us without bearing witness to our powers. Those reasons are to be traced to the immense interest which the Queen of England and her husband took in the great international yacht race near the Isle of Wight, in 1851, at which she and her court were present, and in connection with which, Lord Alfred Paget, himself a sailor of no mean repute, used the memorable words, "No where," in reply to the Queen's enquiry as to the position of the boats beaten by George Steer's yacht. In view of these facts, let us have some regattas on our magnificent Hudson while the Prince of Wales is among us. We can honor him in no better way, and what is a strong recommendation, if we do as this article counsels, we shall, at the same moment, be honoring ourselves. After the water comes the turf—after fast boats, fast horses. We have plenty of both, and we trust that of both our youthful visitor from abroad will be able to take home with him a noble record. We suppose that our theatres are already on the programme of the Prince's amusements, when he comes to New York. If not, let the omission be rectified; and what is more, let our minstrel halls come in for a portion of the royal smiles. Stiff etiquette, we fear, will prevent the young gentleman's visit to the east side play houses, but there is no earthly reason why he and his friends should not look in at our able melodists. In regard to these, if he has not the example of his mother to guide him, as in the aquatic point of view, he has his own former usage. While at college, Albert Edward was a frequent visitor to the minstrels, and received considerable gratification from their performances. Variety, as well as abstract excellence, is the spice of entertainments; and in New York it is undoubted that both these things are to be had in combination. Let our theatres enjoy the countenance of the Prince of Wales when he comes. Let him make the acquaintance of any legitimate hero or heroine he can. All well and good. But fairness calls for the like on the side of the darkie or burnt cork gentry. Shakespeare, Sheridan, and Tom Taylor will do for the royal party to a certain extent; but if a pleasant contrast is sought, where is it available so [illegible] "Old Dan Tucker," and the "Essence of Old Virginny," with all their native force. Another thing, by way, of an incentive to the Prince and his companions—let the former remember that his most worthy predecessor in the title he bears, was like some of the artists we are solicitous he should hear—"Black." Let the family tie be kept up: let the hero of Crecy be honored in the persons of a sable jig dancer, melodist, and banjoist, and *vice versa*. We have thrown out the suggestions to be found in this article, for the sake of the Prince of Wales himself, also for the sake of the pastimes of which it is our duty to speak from week to week.

SOMETHING WON BEFORE THE BELT.—Much as we and our fellow citizens in general may be gratified by the late triumph of John C. Heenan in the international ring, we feel bound to say that his was not the first American triumph of science and skill on British ground, for which a memorial had been proposed. Near twenty years ago another citizen of the United States crossed the Atlantic, to contest with the champions of their special art, on their own ground, and he, like Heenan, came back the conqueror, although, unlike the hero of Farnborough, decorated with the proof of his supremacy. A few details, in connection with these facts, will prove interesting to the readers. In 1849, a gentleman, named Samuel Wood, residing at Bordentown, N. J., had gained the acquaintance and confidence of Joseph Bonaparte, then living in the same neighborhood. The ex-prince, well advised of Mr. Wood's skill as a swimmer, determined to take him to Europe, and pit him against the best men there. Arriving in London, in the spring of the year, the preliminary arrangements were soon made. The American was to swim against seven of the best men in England, chosen by the National Swimming Society, of London. This society had been formed by a Mr. John Strachan, a philanthropic Englishman, whose laudable object was to render man's activity and skill in the water servicable in the cause of humanity. As we have already said, Mr. Wood was the winner against all who contested with him; in commemoration of which he was presented with the champion silver medal. This is now in our hand. It is of pure metal, and in size a little less than our half dollar. On the obverse, is the profile of the founder of the Society, with his name inscribed above his head. On the reverse, two swans and a winged youth are represented in the water, with the motto, "Art and Confidence," in a scroll above, and near the rim of the medal, the words, "National Swimming Society." Below the design, the name of the founder and the date (1837) of the foundation are given. Around the rim is the following legend:—"London. Champion, 1840. S. Wood, of America." Attached to the upper part are the requisite rings and pin, necessary in attaching it to a ribbon. Mr. Wood, the winner of this champion medal, is still alive—a strong, healthful man, and has had the great delight of rescuing many persons from a watery grave.

GROWING TOO FAST.—At Paterson, N. J., last week, a young man named Teneck, died of consumption. It is stated, that, in six months previous, he had actually grown fourteen inches in height. Early in the year, he went to some locomotive works, as an apprentice; measuring at that time a little under five feet. At the period of his death, he was more that six feet in height. He should have been sent into the open air, not into the heating and stifling atmosphere of an engine room.

ASTONISHING INSTANCE OF VITALITY.—The Plattsburg (N. Y.) *Express* records the following most remarkable case of the powers of vitality in the human system, as shown by a man dying with a lead ball in his heart no less than eighteen years after receiving the shot. It says:—

On Friday, June 16, 1860, a post mortem examination was made upon the body of Mr. John Kelly, who resided in the town of Black Brook. In 1842 he was shot at Chatham Four Corners. The bullet passed through three boards before striking him; it entered his right shoulder, passed toward the heart and lodged under the collar bone where it is united to the breast bone. The veins were closed and the artery ossified at this place. The heart resembled a stomach as much as a heart. The right side, especially, was very changed and seemed to be undergoing fatty degeneration. While examining the heart a large lump was found in the lower part of it, and was found to be a leaden bullet. Fourteen years ago he was very dangerously ill, and not expected to recover. His difficulty at that time was inflammation on the lungs and a most extraordinary disturbance of the heart's action. Since that illness, his heart difficulty has continued to increase gradually; at times its beatings could be observed ten or fifteen feet distant.

BALL PLAY.

ATLANTIC VS MUTUAL.—The return game between these clubs was played at Bedford, on the 20th inst., the result being a victory for the Atlantic club, this game being the eighth won this season out of nine first class matches played, a result very creditable to the club; the only club that has successfully opposed them being the Excelsiors, they having won the only game the Atlantics have lost (We write this before the third great contest is played). Both parties to the above match came on the ground short handed, P. O'Brien and Oliver being absent on the part of the Atlantics, and Burns, Beard, and Powell, on that of the Mutuals. It was more important to the Mutuals that their absentees should have been present than it was with the Atlantics, as Burns and Beard are the regular pitcher and catchers of the Mutuals, and Joe Oliver at left field, and Ticknor at 2d base were fair substitutes for P. O'Brien and Oliver, as both played well in those positions. The batting of the Mutuals in this match, especially in the 4th, 6th, and 7th innings, and their fielding was good as a general thing, but in the 6th innings there was some very loose play on their part, especially in missing catches. The Atlantics batted splendidly in the two last innings, and their general play was good. The excellent decisions of the umpire, Mr. Grum, materially added to the pleasure of the contest. At the close of the game the usual entertainment was provided by the Atlantics, at Wild's Hotel, for their welcome guests. The following is the score:—

BATTING.

ATLANTIC.

NAMES.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Pearce, catcher	3		3
McMahon, short field	3		4
Price, 1st base	3		4
Smith, 3d base	4		1
M O'Brien, pitcher	3		3
Joe Oliver, left field	3		3
Hamilton, right field	2		3
Thwaites, centre fleid	3		2
Ticknor, 2d base	3		3
Total			26

MUTUAL.

NAMES.	H.	L.	RUNS.
A Taylor, 1st base	5		1
Gavagan, 3d base	2		1
H Taylor, centre field	4		1
Spence, pitcher	3		2
McMahon, catcher	2		2
Bogert, short field	3		1
McConnell, right field	1		3
Harris, 2d base	3		2
Mott, left field	4		1
Total			14

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Atlantic	1	6	1	1	1	6	0	5	5	—26
Mutual	0	1	0	6	1	3	2	1	0	—14

FIELDING.

	Fly.	B'nd.	Base.
Pearce	1	4	0
McMahon	0	1	0
Price	2	0	5
Smith	3	0	0
M O'Brien	0	0	1
Joe Oliver	1	1	0
Hamilton	0	2	0
Thwaites	0	2	0
Ticknor	0	1	3
Total	7	11	9

	Fly.	B'nd.	Base.
A Taylor	0	1	4
Gavagan	1	0	0
H Taylor	1	3	0
Spence	0	3	2
McMahon	2	1	2
Bogert	0	2	0
McConnell	0	0	0
Harris	2	1	0
Mott	0	2	0
Total	6	13	8

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly.	Bound.	1st Base.	2d Base.	3d Base	Foul.
Pearce	0	1	0	1	0	1
McMahon	0	2	1	0	0	0
Price	0	1	1	0	0	1
Smith	0	2	1	0	0	1
M O'Brien	1	0	0	0	0	1
Joe Oliver	1	1	0	1	0	0
Hamilton	0	2	0	0	0	0
Thwaites	0	1	1	0	0	1
Ticknor	1	1	0	0	0	0
Total	3	11	4	2	0	5

	Fly.	Bound.	1st Base.	2d Base.	3d Base.	Foul.
A Taylor	1	3	1	0	0	1
Gavagan	0	0	1	0	0	1
H Taylor	1	0	0	2	0	1
Spence	1	2	0	0	0	0
McMahon	0	0	0	1	0	1
Bogert	0	1	2	0	0	0
McConnell	0	1	0	0	0	0
Harris	0	0	0	0	0	2
Mott	0	0	1	0	0	3
Total	3	7	5	3	0	8

Passed balls on which bases were run—McMahon 6, Pearce 5.

Home runs—Price 1, Ticknor 1, H. Taylor 1.

Put out at home base—Harris by M. O'Brien, and Ticknor and M. O'Brien by McMahon.

Catches missed on the fly—H Taylor 1, Spence 2, McConnell 2, Harris 1, and Pearce 1, and M O'Brien 1.

Catches missed on the bound—Bogert 2, McMahon 1, Gavagan 1, H Taylor 1, Hamilton 1, Thwaites 1, Joe Oliver 1, Pearce 3.

Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

Umpire—J Grum, of the Eckford Club.

Scorers—For Atlantic, J. G. Rogers; for Mutual, Mr. Green.

BASE BALL IN CHICAGO.—A match was played in that city on the 16th ult., between the second nine of the Excelsior and second nine of the Atlantic Club, growing out of a challenge from the latter. The match was well contested, and evinced a thorough knowledge of the game, and has doubtless gone far to establish base ball as an institution in this city. The battisg was good on both sides; there seemed, however, to be too great a tendency to raise the ball, and the fielders generally availed themselves of the opportunities thus afforded to limit the runs of their opponents. A. Ken, while Leadbeater and Burton seemed to excel at the bat. We append the score:—

BATTING.

EXCELSIOR.

NAMES.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Haughton, 2d base	3		2
G Kennedy, left field	2		1
Lowe, centre field	4		0
W Kennedy, right field	2		2
A Kennedy, 1st base	4		0
Henry, 3d base	2		2
Davids, catcher	3		1
Hughes, pitcher	4		0
Burgess, short stop	3		1
Total			9

ATLANTIC.

NAMES.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Taylor, centre field	5		0
Leadbeater, short stop	2		3
Newton, left field	2		3
Burton, right field	2		3
Bean, 2d base	1		3
Van Buren, catcher	5		1
Childs, 1st base	5		0
Maxwell, 3d base	1		3
Rice, pitcher	4		1
Total			17

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Excelsior	1	3	1	0	0	0	0	2	2	—9
Atlantic	4	1	2	4	4	0	0	0	2	—17

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly.	Bound.	1st Base.	2d Base.	3d Base.	Total.
Haughton	2	1	0	0	0	3
G Kennedy	0	1	0	0	0	1
Lowe	1	1	0	0	0	2
W Kennedy	0	1	0	0	0	1
A Kennedy	1	0	7	0	0	8
Henry	1	0	0	0	1	2
Davids	1	6	0	0	0	7
Hughes	2	0	0	0	0	2
Burgess	0	1	0	0	0	1
Total	8	11	7	0	1	27

	Fly.	Bound.	1st Base.	2d Base.	3d Base.	Total.
Taylor	0	2	0	0	0	2
Leadbeater	0	1	0	0	0	1
Newton	2	0	0	0	0	2
Burton	0	1	0	0	0	1
Bean	0	1	0	0	0	1
Van Buren	6	6	0	0	0	12
Childs	2	0	2	0	0	4
Maxwell	0	2	0	0	1	3
Rice	1	0	0	0	0	1
Total	11	13	2	0	1	27

Number of passed balls—Davids 17, Van Buren 15.

Umpire—F. H. Bostock, of Excelsior Club.

Scorers—For Excelsior, Dr. Hunt; for Atlantic, J. O'Neil.

RESOLUTE VS QUICKSTEP.—A match game of base ball was played on the 22d inst., between the Resolute Club, of Brooklyn, E. D., and the Quickstep Club, of Staten Island, on the former's ground, and resulted as follows:—

RESOLUTE.

NAMES.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Sanford, catcher	2		3
Kellinger, centre field	3		2
Cowperthwait, 2d base	1		4
Allen, 1st base	4		1
Barto, pitcher	2		3
Rogers, short stop	2		3
Creagh, left field	3		1
Adams, right field	1		3
Canfield, 3d base	3		1
Total			21

QUICKSTEP.

NAMES.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Irving, 3d base	3		1
Huestes, 2d base	2		2
Franderwick, pitcher	3		1
T Barber, right field	2		2
Norvill, short stop	2		2
M Barber, centre field	3		1
Whittlemore, 1st base	2		1
Everson, left field	4		0
Hitchcock, catcher	0		2
Total			12

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	
Resolute	1	2	2	5	6	0	5	—21
Quickstep	4	1	4	2	1	0	0	—12

One home run by Cowperthwait.

Umpire—J. B. Wells, of Continental Club.

Scorers—For Resolute—E. J. Gasson; for Quickstep, Mr. Gunn.

BASE BALL IN CHICAGO.—The second nines of the Atlantic and Excelsior Clubs played a match on the 20th ult. on the Prairie Cricket Grounds, which the former won by 8 runs.

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Excelsior	1	3	1	0	0	0	0	2	2	—9
Atlantic	4	1	2	4	4	0	0	0	2	—17

The first nines of the same clubs were to have played a match on the 25th ult.

THE CLIPPER BASE BALL CLUB.—A new club has been organized in this city under the title of the Clipper Base Ball Club, Jr. The following are the officers and directors for the season:—Henry O'Brien, President; James Duffy, Secretary; Matthew Culy, Treasurer. Directors—William Welsh, James Kelly, Owen Kavanah. We should like to see the score of their first match.

A GO AHEAD TRAIN.—we learn from the Syracuse "Standard" that the Cincinnati express train on the New York Central Railroad, which left the above city, on the 19th inst., bound east, being half an hour behind time, ran the distance to Syracuse (eighty-one miles) in one hundred minutes! This, allowing for fifteen minutes, occupied in making two stops and taking in the necessary fuel, reduced the actual running time to eighty-five minutes—the average rate of speed being a trifle less than a mile a minute!

TEN PINS.—GOOD ROLLING.—A hotel keeper in Connecticut, in three games of ten pins, scored 900—making ninety "ten strikes" in succession. He offers to give his hat to any one who will beat it.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

AUG. 11.—Webb and Moran, catch weight—£20 a side.
14.—Smith and Benson—£12 to £10, London.
21.—Gepson and Ryan—both of Plymouth, Gepson to be 8st 2lb and Ryan catch weight—Gepson staking £20 to £15, in the Plymouth District.
SEPT. 11.—Ellward and Dott—Edinburgh.
18.—Brettle and Mace—£200 a side, London.
18.—Dempsey and Young Crutchley—£10 a side, Dempsey at 8st 9lb, Crutchley catch weight, in the same ring as Mace and Brettle.
OCT. 16.—W. Gillam, of Brighton, and Tom Tyler, catch weight, £50 a side, Home Circuit.
NOV. 6.—Tom Paddock and Hurst, (the Staleybridge Infant,) £200 a side and the Champion's belt, London.

From the London Sporting Telegraph, Aug. 8.

Fight between John Ryan and Thos. Newby, for £10.

On Monday last, Thomas Newby and John Ryan met on a spot well known to the followers and admirers of the London Prize Ring, to contest a long mooted point as regards superiority and £10, the same men, having twice before met as belligerents for small sums, and in both contests have had to leave off without a decision, the first time fighting 1 hour 45 min., the second 1 hour 58 min. Our readers will, however, bear in mind that in their previous encounters, Newby was 19 years of age, whilst Ryan had only just "struck" 16 years. This induced the friends of the youngster (Ryan) to make a fresh match to finally end any jealousy which might exist between them, and to prove their opinion respecting Ryan's merits as a rising pugilist. The ring having been pitched, and the officials chosen, at 10:21 A. M., the combatants stripped for the encounter. Newby, who won the toss, or choice of corners, had placed his opponent with his face to the wind and sun, which shone forth at the moment with more refulgence than could have been expected from the threatening appearance of the morning. Ryan, who appeared full of confidence, was the first to throw up his cap, meaning to throw it in the ring, but the wind, however, blew it back again. He was soon followed by Newby, who was esquired by Henley and young Harrington, Con Sullivan and Joe Baldock doing the extremely amiable for Ryan. On the men stripping and the usual ceremonies having been gone through, they commenced.

Round 1. Both looked in good condition. Newby, if anything, being the longer in the reach and the taller, but the disparity was very slight. The betting at th's time was 6 to 4 on Ryan. On the men coming to close quarters, after playing a bit shifty, Newby led off, and in return caught a hot one on the ribs, his manœuvres in standing with his right leg first evidently not taking effect. The exchanges were very heavy in favor of Ryan, who succeeded in landing one on the nose (first blood for Ryan) and the left eye. In the close both down.

2. Newby came up with his nose and mouth swelled, the blood trickling from the former Newby again led off and missing, forced some wild exchanges, and in the end both went down, Ryan under, the fighting too fast to last.

3. Newby came up bleeding from mouth and nose. He tried to force the fighting, but was short, and was nearly sent to grass by a straight left-hander on the chest which made him stagger. On again meeting, Ryan got on the nose with the left, and in the struggle for the fall Newby was under.

4 and last. Ryan at the call of time came up smiling, without showing a mark, while Newby was much flushed and out of his latitude. No sooner had the men met than Ryan led off with the left and succeeded in getting on Newby's right eye, and again on the nose, with a hot one from the right, knocking Newby on the flat of his back, thus getting the two first events; and it proved the battle likewise, as on time being called, Harrington wisely threw up the sponge in token of defeat, Newby having received more severe punishment in the short space of six minutes, than we have ever had the opportunity of witnessing.

REMARKS.

During this contest for a little stake, more anxiety was evinced than has been shown in fights for ten times the sum, and with good reason, as the winner and loser will at some future day (should they meet customers of their own calibre), give some trouble to more than a few, especially the winner, as he hits straight with both hands and is far from fearful to meet his antagonist.

A DETERMINED FIGHT.

On Tuesday Paddy Bishop and Sidney Smith met in the home district to decide a long-standing "grudge" respecting their powers of endurance, as well as for the pride of being the better man. Neither man has previously contended in the ring. Several sums, in various amounts, were speculated on the result by their partizans. The match, though not of much interest in the sporting circles, caused an immense amount of interest among the bakers and butchers. As regards the weight of the opponents, there would not be more than a couple of pounds, as Smith weighed about 9st 2 lb, and Bishop exactly 9st. The match was for £10, and the place of meeting a well-known station, very early in the morning, from whence the anxious would-be spectators were carried to a well known spot by water. As soon as the ropes and stakes could be pitched the combatants drew near the scene of action. Bishop was the first to throw in his cap, quickly followed by Smith, and both men were most loudly cheered by their respective partizans. Bishop and Cliff of Chelsea, while Smith was waited upon by Cast Iron and Evans. Bishop, who won the toss and placed his opponent with his face to the sun and wind, sported a handkerchief with a blue check on a black ground. The referee having been chosen, and the usual preliminaries completed, the competitors stripped and at once commenced the fight at 10 A. M. with

Round 1. Bishop, who was the lesser man, looked very lathy in contrast to Smith, who, though apparently the most powerful, evidently was short of work. They had scarcely toed the mark than Smith, eager, led off out of distance; in return Bishop got on Smith's nose, and closing, after a short struggle both were down.

2. Both came up at call of time and eager for the fray, which led to a scramble, but both, being cautioned by their seconds, steadied themselves, and a good counter or two took place, Smith getting slightly on the ribs and receiving on the neck and cheek. After a good rally, in which both were out of distance, Bishop slipped down.

3. Both up to time, came up eagerly, when Smith, forcing the fighting, rushed to a close; in the struggle for the fall, both were down.

4. Each were eager to renew hostilities, at once rushed to a close, and some very good half-arm hitting took place in favor of Bishop, who threw Smith. On the men being taken to their corners, first blood was claimed for Bishop, and allowed.

5. Smith came up bleeding from the nose and mouth, at once led off with his left out of distance, rushed to a close, and trying for the fall both were down side by side.

6. Both up at one time, when Bishop led off on Smith's nose and mouth. Some cautious sparring, both led off at the same time, and eager for business, closed, when Bishop threw Smith and fell on him.

7. Bishop, up first, at once led off, and got on Smith's nose with the left, who rushed to a close, and some very vicious half-arm hits were exchanged. Being out of distance a scramble for the fall took place, in which both were down side by side.

8. Bishop came up first, soon followed by Smith, who at once led off out of distance and for his trouble got a hot one on the left eye, from which the ruby was again seen flowing; a wild rambling rally ensued and a close, in which both were down.

9. Bishop, who was up slightly before Smith, at once led off, and again got on the eye with the left, re-opening the sore established in the previous round. This treatment caused some pretty in-fighting much in favor of Bishop, who threw Smith, but twisting in the fall both were down.

10 to 20. In these rounds Bishop almost invariably had the best of the encounters, delivering his left on the eye and nose, and several times missing some very vicious right-handers, which were delivered on the top of the head instead of the intended mark, Smith hitting in every instance short with his left and delivering his right on the ribs, in many instances on the back, and in nearly every round was thrown.

21. Smith came up bleeding from the nose and the old cut on the eye, which was going up, and after some fast in-fighting Bishop threw Smith heavily, a fair cross buttock.

22 to 30. During these rounds there was hardly any variation, Bishop not only proving himself the cleverer man, but likewise the stronger, as in every bout he almost invariably threw Smith, and in one or two instances fought him down. Smith in every round coming up more flushed and weak from his exertions. Time 35 minutes.

31. Smith came up wild, and at once commenced proceedings by rushing to Bishop and forced him down in his own corner.

32. Smith came up bleeding from the nose and eye, but at once commenced hostilities by rushing in, and both were down.

33 to 41. Smith was showing much punishment while his opponent had literally not a mark, and was much the stronger, and in the last round got on eye and mouth with his left and right; Smith in return succeeded in getting on the ribs with his right, and forcing a close; both were down.

42. Bishop came up smiling. After sparring for a small portion of time, an appeal was made to the referee to examine Bishop's hands, who at once made an examination, and finding only a small piece of tissue paper told the men to fight on. Smith rushed to a close, and was thrown heavily.

43 to 50. All these rounds were nearly the fac simile of the previous ones. Bishop being the first up every time, got in fairly with both hands, and closing, threw Smith heavily.

51. Bishop got on well with the left on the eye and shoulder, receiving in the ribs a little one, and on the jaw an open handed one. A good rally, and both down.

52 to 54. All the same way. Smith, as game as a pebble, came up to take his punishment like a man, and tried all that laid in his power to turn the tables without avail. There were three claims to the battle by fouls, which were not allowed, and Bishop finished by fighting Smith down in his (Bishop's) corner.

55 to 59. It would be waste of valuable space to further particularise the rounds, as Smith, with all his gameness, was gradually getting weaker, and his seconds, seeing that he had no chance, most wisely gave in for him, after fighting for one hour and fifteen minutes.

REMARKS.

This gallant fight, although for a paltry amount, must show the inherent bravery of the true Briton, as these antagonists have had but little training, yet they struggled for supremacy above one hour and a quarter, during which fifty-nine rounds were fought very fast; the winner, who had not a mark, was weak at the finish, but very soon recovered; while the loser, although defeated, was by no means sulky, showing his courage pre-eminent in defeat as it would have been in victory. We prophecy that the winner will, at some future day, be again favorably heard of.

PADDOCK AND "THE INFANT" FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—From our late European advices, we learn that there was but a limited attendance on the 9th ult at Nat Langham's to witness the staking of £20 a side, for the forthcoming match between Tom Paddock and Sam Hurst, the Staleybridge infant. The cause of this was, that the "gentlemen division" were engaged in other sporting matters occurring on the same day. The match continues to excite a good deal of interest among the fancy, both in town and country—opinions much varying as to the result; although the competitors cannot be ranked with those of high-class pretensions, who have fought for the belt in times gone by. Paddock has been tried and proved as a game one; and Nat Langham (his mentor), is of opinion that he will not appear as stale as his adversaries imagine. He has hard work to contend against—youth, weight, and size, although we know nothing further of Hurst in public, than his wrestling capabilities as exhibited in Lancashire, where they give him a clipping character.

During the week Tom Paddock attended Reading races, and he certainly looked the picture of robust health. On Wednesday a gentleman was explaining to him the tactics of Hurst's backers, and that they had advised their man to stand quietly in the ring during the fight, and wait for Paddock. "Well," says Tom, after he had listened patiently to all this, "*I'll lay my life the Infant doesn't stand half a minute waiting for me before he gets a punch on the nose!*" and the candidate for the championship wore an expression indicative of a "punch on the nose" from him being anything but a facetious performance.

MACE AND BRETTLE.—The prize ring encounter pending between these men, and which is looked upon with great interest on both sides of the "great waters" is progressing satisfactorily, and both men have entered upon their training ordeals.

J. MCGANN AND H. HARDY are matched for an off hand battle for £25 a side.

TOM SAYERS IN HONORABLE COMPANY.—A tall man, of good appearance, has been taking his summer airing along the south coast of England recently, and has contrived to do so at a most economical rate, in consequence of his being the possessor of a gentlemanly exterior, pleasing address, and plenty of assurance. Under the name of the Hon. Seymour Hatchington he patronised the Havelock Hotel, at Hastings, where he ran up a tolerably long score, and then "sloped," without so much as bidding the landlord good bye. He is next heard of at Brighton, under the name of the Hon. Seymour Egerton, where he had the unparalleled impudence to tackle the Champion. How or by whom he was introduced to Mr. Sayers is not known, but they got to be very jolly friends—it being, however, the special privilege of Tom to stand "Sam" for everything until he thought it time to "jack up"—though not before the impudent "hon. gent." had tried to beg a good coat of him, "merely as a gift from the Champion of England." Tom said, however, that it was one he had had presented to him by his friend Heenan, and he couldn't part with it. The "Hon." is a young man, and stands about six feet in height. The police are on the look out for him.

MACNULTY AND FITCH.—These men met, according to agreement, on Monday morning, at Sheldon-common, near Birmingham, to decide their differences, but had hardly entered the ring, when the "blues" put in an appearance, and stopped proceedings. A move was made in double quick time to Hay Mill Valley, but before that oft-visited spot was reached, MacNulty was in the hands of the Philistines, who had followed the "flying" party in a cab. The backers of the men have appointed to meet at the Bull's Head, Fordrough street, to settle affairs and to increase the stakes, particulars of which will appear in our next.

BODGER CRUTCHLEY'S BENEFIT.—The benefit for Bodger Crutchley took place in the Circus, Moor street, Birmingham, on Monday last. The circumstances of Bodger having gamely contended under misfortune with Goss of Northampton for upwards of three hours and twenty minutes, was a deed fit to be classed under the head of the greatest efforts of modern pugilism, and seemed, we are happy to see, to entitle him to unusual consideration from the sporting public of Birmingham and the midland counties. The benefit was a complete success, both for the sum realized and the quality of the entertainment: and if proof were wanting that the great Saxon spirit which has influenced our race and made our people heroic in all history has not yet died out in these volunteer days, we need only say that Bob Brettle, Plantagenet Green, Morris Roberts, Joe Nolan, Young Crutchley, Butcher, Shelley, Peter Morris, Taylor, Tom Evans, Bodger Crutchley, Goss, and a host of London and Midland District stars appeared and performed in their most finished style amid the constant and deafening plaudits of a company, among whom were an unusual number of gentlemen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOOT RACE OF TWENTY MILES.—THE AMERICAN DEER AND SMITH.—This event for £25 a side took place on the 6th of August, at Hackney, Wick, the competitors being Jackson, the American Deer, and Old Smith of Ipswich. The Suffolk man had evidently prepared himself for the "tussle," for he was well, and looked as fit as in his palmy days. That he would run, and run a long, long way, was certain, and his friends, and they were many, almost made it a certainty. The "Old Deer" had not been idle. Notwithstanding his great exertions of late, we think, he never looked better. There was the same smile as of yore on his Yankee-looking mug, and although many gave the hope that he would win, all were satisfied that his opponent would have to run to "cut down" the world-renowned Bill Howitt, or as he is better-known as Jackson. To give a description in detail of a twenty mile race would be superfluous, for in years gone by such a contest would have been thought impossible. The two juveniles started at the exact time, half-past five, and from the commencement to the finish all was excitement. For ten miles scarcely a change at any rate worth mentioning took place; Jackson occasionally ran wide, and in the bend at the entrance of the ground Smith was enabled to pass him. It was head to head, neck to neck, till nearly eleven miles had been traversed, but when that long distance had been performed, the "Old Deer" took to "spurting." The greatest wonder was now evinced, for it was now Jackson, now Smith—Bill and Jimmy—and many who have seen such things done were satisfied; and those who had not seen pedestrianism could not have believed it possible. Gradually, but surely, the Old Deer stole away. Yard by yard in a lap, did he increase his lead, and despite the strenuous exertions of Smith, his splendid condition, the cheers of his friends, and his indomitable courage, he had to succumb, defeated but not disgraced, to the untiring and evergreen American Deer. Smith, after running seventeen miles and a half, and that, too, in one hour and three quarters, gave in, for Jackson had overlapped him, and although the latter was bound to go over the course for the remainder of the distance, in the true spirit of good men, "Old Jemmy" from Ipswich, sent word that he did not require Jackson to go the remainder of the distance. The Deer was loudly cheered, and never have we seen a more satisfactory termination to a day's sport. The arrangements were excellent, and all passed off without a "wry word." We were sorry to see, however, that the friends of Smith were dissatisfied; they had booked winning certain, and were disappointed. The two, that is Jackson and Smith, will have another journey, but whether it be for eleven miles or to run for an hour we believe it is not definitely decided. £5 a side was staked with Mr. Baum for another meeting.

THE CHAMPION SWIMMER.—A series of Swimming races came off at the Lambeth baths, London, on the 8th ult., and took place in the following order:—Silver medal, open to youths under 16: won by Cheyne. Leander medal, open to amateurs; won by W. Blackmore of Manchester. Race, open to all England, for a silver cup, distance 480 yards, the swimmers to be handicapped; won by Gardiner, after a pretty race. Fry second. Regan third. After this the presentation of a belt to Swimming-Master Beckwith, on his retirement from the championship, which he has manfully held for eight years, took place, and the entertainment concluded with ornamental swimming, diving, floating, &c. by Messrs. Woodbridge, More Gwythen, and F. E. Beckwith.

THE LEANDER COAT AND BADGE.—This aquatic contest took place on the Thames on the 10th ult., the course being from the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge to Putney. The contestants took their places in the following order:—

1. W. J. Wallinger, Paul's Wharf.
2. T. Farr, Battersea
3. E. Wright, Bankside.
4. P. Cole, Chelsea.
5. H. Styles, Isleworth.
6. C. Brown, Richmond.
7. H. Beckett, Lambeth.

A good start was effected, Brown and Styles eventually gaining the lead, both men being scull and scull for a long distance. Brown after a while, however, was overhauled by Cole, and at the finish secured second place, Styles being first by 200 yards, Brown third, Farr fourth, Wallinger fifth, Wright sixth, and Beckett seventh.

SURREY VS ENGLAND.—This, the last important cricket match played in London this season, was a good one in every respect, but unfortunately, owing to the weather being unfavorable on the last day of the time allotted, it having been commenced on the 6th inst., it was decided a draw, although much in favor of Surrey, they having an advant

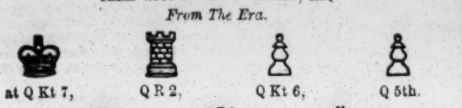
THE GAME OF CHESS.

BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.—This large and powerful body of players met at Cambridge, on the 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st of Aug., Rt. Hon. Lord Lyttleton, Pres't; Viscount Cremorne and Sir John Blunden, Vice Pres'ts. The leading features of practice to have been a Grand Tournament of 16 entries, and consultation, or champion matches between clubs. Every exertion was put forth by the local committee to render the gathering a brilliant success, and we trust it was so.

ENIGMA No. 239.

CHESS STUDY.—BY F. HEALY, ESQ.

From The Era.



at Q Kt 7, Q R 2, Q Kt 6, Q 5th.

at his Kt 8, Q Kt 8, K B 7th.

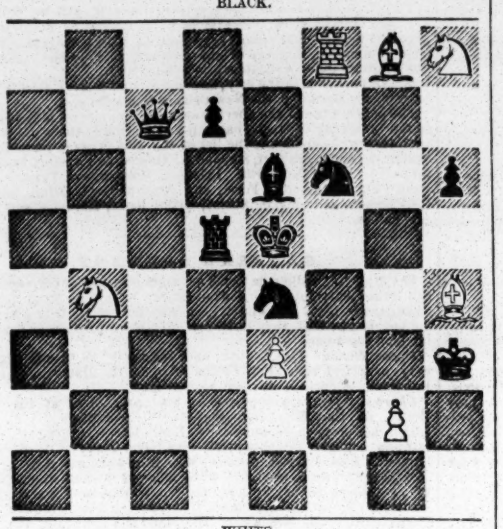
White to move and win.

PROBLEM No. 239.—TOURNAMENT No. 54.

"La Forteresse Assiege."

BY F. RICHARDSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

GAME No. 239.

The first *partie* of the closing match in the late Free Tournament at the "Morphy Chess Rooms," between J. P. Barnett, M. D., and our contributor Mr. J. A. Leonard.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Dr. Barnett.	Defence, Mr. Leonard.	Attack, Dr. Barnett.	Defence, Mr. Leonard.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	17..Q Kt×P	Q B to K 3
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	18..Q Kt× Kt+	Q×Q Kt
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	19..Q-her B 3	R-Q B sq
4..P-Q Kt 4	K B×P	20..Q-her 2	R-Q B 4
5..P-Q B 3	B-K B 4	21..Q R-K sq	B-Q R 4
6..Castles	P-Q 3	22..Q-K 3	K B×R
7..P-Q 4	K P×P	23..R×K B	R-Q B 7
8..B P×P	B-Q Kt 3	24..Q B-Q 4	R-Q B 5 (*a*)
9..Q Kt-B 3	P-K R 3	25..B-Q R sq	R-K Kt 5
10..P-Q 5	Kt-Q R 4	26..Kt-Q 4	B-Q 4 (*b*)
11..P-K 5	K Kt-K 2	27..Q×Q	R×Kt P+
12..P-K 6	Castles	28..K-his R sq	R×B P dis+
13..Q-K 2	P-Q B 3	29..Kt-B 3 (*c*)	B×Kt+
14..Q B-Kt 2	Q Kt×P	30..K-Kt sq	R-Kt 7+
15..Q×Q Kt	Q B P×P	31..K-B sq	B-Q 4 dis+
16..K P×P+	K R×P	32..Q×R+	K×Q, and the

Attack resigns.

(*a*) The struggle to save the piece becomes interesting.

(*b*) This is the lance thrust which turns the current of the fray towards a speedy victory.

(*c*) If the King move, he is speedily mated by force.

Dashing affair between our old friends Chas. H. Stanley and E. Pindar, Esqs., at Manchester, Eng.—*Ill. London News.*

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

Mr. Stanley.	Mr. Pindar.	Mr. Stanley.	Mr. Pindar.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	10..Q Kt to K 4	Q to K Kt 3
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	11..Q-her R 4+	Q B-Q 2
3..P-Q 4	K P×P	12..Q×Q B+	K×Q
4..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	13..Kt×K P+	Kt-his 2
5..Castles	P-Q 3	14..Kt×Q+	R P×Kt
6..P-Q B 3	Q B-Kt 5	15..Q B-Kt 5+	P-K B 3
7..B P×P	Q Kt×P	16..Kt×K B	B P×B
8..Q Kt-Q 2	Q-K B 3 (*a*)	17..K R-K sq	K-his B 3
9..P-K 5	Q B P×P	18..Kt-Q 7+, and Mr. P. surrendered.	

(*a*) An error well taken advantage of by Mr. Stanley.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—By Henry Spayth; pp. 307, containing upwards of 1700 games and critical positions, being by far the most voluminous ever published, is now ready for delivery. Price $2,00, post paid to all parts of the country. Address Frank Queen, editor NEW YORK CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

Oswego, Aug. 3, 1860.—DRAUGHT EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:*—Looking at CLIPPER of July 28, I find a correction of the game between Martin and McKerrow, by "Patricius," claiming that White at the 15th move should move 27 23 instead of 27 24. Supposing this to be the case, and Black move 5 9, White is forced to move 17 13, then 10 15, 13 6, 1 19, and Black wins. All of which is respectfully submitted. WILL BOY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. T., Augusta, Ga.—Thanks for Position; will examine and report.

I. X. N., Bangor, Me.—Position received, and on file for examination.

A. D., Brooklyn.—Received three positions from you. Many thanks. More anon.

SPECTATOR, East Douglas, Mass.—Your Position appears this week. The game referred to by you in the "Beginner's Sure Guide," is so loosely annotated that we can make nothing of it.

WILL BOY, Oswego, N. Y.—Entered.

PATRICIUS, New York.—Will Boy is after you.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 35.—VOL. VIII.

BY G. C. M.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.
1..10 to	6	9 to	2	3..15 to	8	12 to 15
2..11	7	2	11	4..29	24, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 36.—VOL. VIII.

BY G. C. M.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.
1..28 to	24	20 to	27	3..23 to	7	27 to 31
2..26	22	25	18	4.. 7	3, and wins.	

GAME No. 18.—VOL. VIII.

"THE CROSS."

[From Drummond's Work.]

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..22 to	18	10 to	15	14..32 to	23	12 to	16
2..25	22	7	10	15..18	24	10	15
3..28	19	3	7	16..24	20	15	19
4..26	23	9	14	17..31	26	19	24
5..18	9	5	14	18..23	19	16	23
6..22	17	11	16	19..26	19	24	27
7..29	25	7	11	20..19	16	27	31
8..17	13	16	20	21..11	7	2	11
9..25	22	11	16	22..16	7	31	27
10..21	17	14	21	23..22	17	6	9
11..23	18	16	23	24..13	6	1	10
12..18	11	8	15	25.. 7	3		
13..27	11	20	27		Drawn.		

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND DEFIANCE.

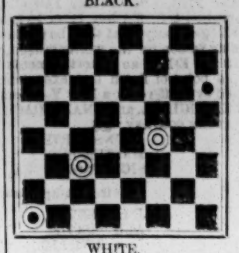
Black.		White.	
13.. 2	25	30	21
14.. 5	9		

POSITION No. 37.—VOL. VIII.

BY SPECTATOR.

Of East Douglas, Mass.

BLACK.



WHITE.

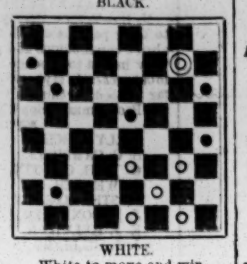
White to move and win.

POSITION No. 38.—VOL. VIII.

BY THE SAME.

Occurred in actual play.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

BALLADS OF THE RING.

NO. VI.

CHARLES FREEMAN.—(THE AMERICAN GIANT.)

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY JOHN COOPER VAIL.

I.

The land of our sires
Has fostered brave men,
Its altars and fires
Can do so again;
From Vermont's Green Mountains
To Florida's dales—
With hills, vales and fountains—
Fair Freedom prevails;
Though kingdoms may perish,
Her banner will wave,
For the land that we cherish,
The home of the brave.

II.

Her sons fill her stations
In manhood's true part,
Bequeathing to nations
Their Science and Art;
Even Italy gleams
With the past's golden hours,
For her artist's bright dreams
Are awakened in Powers,
The world in its rapture
Proclaims him the best,
The bright star of Sculpture
Appears in the West.

III.

Still upward and onward,
Columbia's might
Will ever soar sunward
To battle for right.
On history's pages
Her Franklin appears,
And long future ages
Will reverence Steers;
Oft England's defiance,
Though valiantly hurled,
Proves Columbia's science
Can conquer the world.

IV.

'Twas proved in Charles Freeman,*
Of true Yankee size,
Likewise when brave Heenan
Won fairly the prize.
The laurel wreath's riven
From Albion's brow,
Her belt to be given
Is nobody's now;
It was only a bubble
And glittering toy,
Though won without trouble
By Benicia's Boy.

V.

We were proud of our Giant,
His muscle and mould,
For, like Sampson, defiant,
His heart was pure gold;
To prove what a crasher
A Yankee can be,
To fight Tipton Slasher
He crossed the broad sea,
And though but a novice
In artistic fray,
His bout† in the service
The prize bore away.

VI.

As the victor of Perry,
What conquests he dreamed;
And blythe, free and merry
His future life seemed.
Till consumption ‡ dread blight,
Had marked him her own,
And the arm strong in fight
Like an infant's had grown.
Life's prospect was dreary,
No power could save,
And, wasted and weary,
He sank to the grave.

VII.

Let our hero be praised
For the belt that he won,
And the tablet he raised
For America's son;
While England, with Heenan,
Has tarnished her fame,
The birth place of Freeman
Will cherish his name.
No Duke, Earl, or Chartist,
The heart's tribute shares,
With Heenan, our artist,
Who conquered Tom Sayers.

* Freeman was six feet 10½ inches in height, and his fighting weight about 18 stone (252 lbs.)

† He met Perry the first time, December 14th, 1842, after an interruption by beaks, in a field near Sawbridgeworth. They commenced fighting at 7 minutes after 4, and fought 70 rounds in 84 minutes, with nearly equal advantage, when it became so dark that the referee interfered, and the fight was adjourned to Thursday. Went to Tuplow Heath, December 16th, but beaks interfered—no go—retreated to Haydon Grange, Essex, and police interfered. For the third time met at Cliff Marshes, the Hope Point, below Gravesend, December, 20th, 1842, and after fighting 38 rounds, in 39 minutes, Freeman was declared the winner, Perry having gone down without a blow.

‡ He died of consumption, October 18th, 1845, aged 28, at Winchester Hospital. At his death he did not exceed 10 stone 11 lbs in weight.

The tribute that Heenan raised to Charles Freeman's memory, while on his recent tour through England, is an act worthy of the highest commendation, proving that he is possessed of a pure, manly, and generous heart, and worthy of the position he holds as America's brave champion.

THE THIRTEEN.—It is a singular fact in the history of the Republic, that the States forming the original confederation were precisely the same in number as those men among the signers of its proclamation of independence who attained ages long beyond the recognized maximum. That number was thirteen. We annex the names of these venerable patriots and the term of their lives: Charles Carroll, of Maryland, 95; William Ellery, of Rhode Island, 93; John Adams, Samuel Adams, Robert Treat Paine, Benjamin Franklin, all of Massachusetts, 91, 91, 93, and 84 respectively: William Williams, of Connecticut, 91; William Floyd, of Long Island, 87; Thomas McKeon, of Pennsylvania, 83; Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, 83; George Wythe, of Virginia, 80; Thomas Lewis, of South Wales, 94; Mathew Thornton, of Ireland, 89. History informs us that these men led lives of physical activity and temperance. The fact may be presupposed. At the same time, it is allowable to surmise that none but men who had lived so naturally and so well could have had the spirit to achieve the good which these thirteen patriarchs, combined with others, did achieve in the establishment of American Independence. Care in physical treatment bears fruit little thought of by the many—making men heroes in a double sense. The fact has been illustrated by our Revolution, and is being felt by the men and the events of which Garibaldi now stands the centre figure in Sicily.

THE CUCKOO AND THE WAGTAIL.—A very curious fact in ornithology recently presented itself at Arundel Castle, England. Workmen were busy in erecting additional buildings, and had occasion to resort to a pile of Portland stone, piled up for their use. A wagtail built its nest in the midst of these stones, and two or three eggs were laid. But the nest was disarmed by a cuckoo, who took possession of it, kicked out the eggs of the wagtail, and deposited therein its own egg. When the cuckoo left, the wagtail again took possession of the nest, apparently under the delusion that the egg deposited therein was its own, and hatched a young cuckoo. The old cuckoo returned, to see that the work of incubation was going on properly, and went away apparently satisfied. The youthful cuckoo was then attended by the wagtails, male and female, and nourished with all the attention due to an only child—though truly enough in this case—a most voracious one. It has since grown much larger than its assumed parents; indeed, the space left between the stones has been made so small as to prevent the exit of the cuckoo, although the wagtails enter easily enough. As soon as the cuckoo is old enough, it will probably be placed in a cage, as a curiosity.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.

A COMPLETE LIST OF

ALL THEATRES OPENED IN THE UNITED STATES

SINCE THE DRAMA WAS

FIRST INTRODUCED IN THIS COUNTRY,

EMBRACING A PERIOD OF OVER

One Hundred and Eleven Years,

(From 1749)

ALSO THE OPENING BILL, CAST OF CHARACTERS,

And a Complete List of Every Theatre Destroyed by Fire,

WITH FULL PARTICULARS RELATING THERETO.

BY T. ALLSTON BROWN, OF PHILADELPHIA.

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"If the theatre were to be shut up, the stage wholly silenced and suppressed, I believe the world, bad as it is now, would be ten times more wicked."

NEW YORK.—Continued.

The thirty-ninth place of amusement was Crystal Palace, on Broadway and Forty-second street. The building, with the exception of the floor, was built entirely of iron and glass, the edifice being in the form of a Greek Cross, surmounted by a dome at the intersection. Each diameter of the cross 363 feet 5 inches. Each arm of the cross 149 feet broad. This divided into a central nave and two aisles, one on each side, the nave 41, each aisle 54 feet wide. The central portion of each nave carried up to the height of 67 feet, and the semi-circular arch by which it was spanned was 31 feet broad. On each side of the naves was an aisle 43 feet broad and 45 feet high. Each aisle covered by a gallery of its own width, 25 feet from the floor. With ten large staircases to connect the principal floor with the gallery. The building contained on the ground floor 111,000 square feet of surface, and the galleries 62,000 square feet more. The dome had a diameter of 100 feet, supported by 24 columns. The whole quantity of iron employed was 1,800 tons—of which 300 tons was wrought and 1 500 cast iron. The quantity of glass was 15,000 panes, or 55 000 square feet. The whole cost was $500 000. Opened July 15th, 1853

Destroyed by fire October 5th, 1858.

The fortieth place of amusement was the Melodeon, located in the Bowery, which was transformed into a German Theatre, and opened in January, 1853.

The forty-first place of amusement was the Academy of Music, located in Fourteenth street and Irving place, near Broadway. It has a front of 204 feet on Fourteenth street, and 122 feet on Irving place. The boxes are supported by large, thick pillars. There are four tiers. The parquette seats 850 persons; the amphitheatre 1800.

Opened Monday, October 2d, 1854, by the Grisi and Mario Opera Troupe, under the management of Baron Hackett. "Norma" was the initial opera.

The building cost $325 000. The annual rent was $30,000.

The number of seats is 4,500, 200 of which are reserved for the stockholders.

The thirty seventh theatre was the Metropolitan, located on Broadway, opposite Bond street, on the site of the old Metropolitan Hall. Built by the Messrs. La Farge in 1854, and opened September 18th, by Willard, of Boston.

In 1855 Mr. Hackett became the lessee, but failed to make it pay. In November, 1855, Miss Laura Keene took a lease of it, and opened with

OLD HEADS AND YOUNG HEARTS.

Jessie Rural.....Mr Chas Bass

It was now called Laura Keene's Varieties.

In September, 1756, Mr. W. E. Burton, having forestalled Miss Keene, came in possession of the theatre, and opened it on the 8th with the

RIVALS.

Sir Anthony Absolute.....Mr Mark Smith
Bob Acres.....Mr Burton
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.....Mr Howard
David.....Mr T Placide

Mr. Burton's management was a very short one—the popular feeling was dead set against him for the scurvy manner in which he treated the former lady manager in getting possession of her theatre. In this speculation Mr. B. lost a large sum of money, and if he had staid much longer he would have been a ruined man.

After Mr. B.'s management the theatre fell into the hands of any sixpenny manager that happened to come along. These self-styled Managers are composed of a class of actors who cannot command a permanent situation in any theatre in the country. And all of a sudden they assume the responsibilities of a manager—collect together a company of poor actors who are out of an engagement, and after bringing them miles from their homes, the theatre closes during a season of one and sometimes two week's duration, thus leaving a company in a strange city without a cent in their pockets, and no visible means of returning to their homes, while the aforesaid manager pockets all the receipts of the house, which in some cases amounts to about fifteen dollars a night. It is high time that all such managers were drummed out of a profession to which they are only a disgrace

In September, 1859, the theatre was leased by a party of gentlemen, and underwent a thorough rejuvenation. The spacious entrance way was cleared of all side obstructions, and the box office placed in the centre. Passing the gate here, the visitor finds access to the theatre by a flight of five or six steps, and before him is the grand staircase to the dress circle. The side lobbies below were abolished, and there is no parquette circle. On the right hand of the dress circle corridor is a pretty parterre of flowers, and small balconies depending from the front of the circle are similarly decorated. One third of the parquette is appropriated for stalls, and on either side of the orchestra there are pretty little fountains, shrubbery, and flowers. The stage and proscenium was much reduced in size. By lowering the arch of the proscenium, depressing the dress circle, and rounding the angles of the parquette, the dreary vastness of the old theatre was abolished.

The decorations are in excellent taste, the glaring white usually adopted being relieved by violet, pale pink, and pearl color. The walls are pannelled throughout, and on each panel, surrounded by a wreath, are the names of distinguished comic writers, English and French.

The above alterations cost nearly twenty thousand dollars. Mr. Stuart was placed in the theatre as manager, and Dion Bourcicault was dramatist. Opened on Wednesday, Sept. 14, under the title of "The Winter Garden," with a version of Dickens' story of

A CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

John Perrybingle.....Mr Harry Pearson
Dot.....Miss Agnes Robertson
Tilly Slowboy.....Mrs John Wood
Caleb Plummer.....Joseph Jefferson
Bertha.....Miss Sarah Stevens
Edward Plummer.....Mr A H Davenport
Mrs Fielding.....Mrs W Blake
May Fielding.....Mrs J H Allen
Tackelton.....Mr T B Johnston

The thirty-eighth theatre was Empire Hall, located in Broadway. Opened in September, 1856, as a regular French Theatre, by Gustave Dedos, as manager. It was opened in March of the same year, by Messrs. Wood & Marsh, with the Marsh Children.

The thirty ninth theatre was Laura Keene's Varieties, located on lots Nos. 622 and 624 Broadway, near Houston street, and bounded on the east by Crosby street. It was built by John M. Trimble, expressly for Laura Keene. The stage has a depth of 74 feet by 55 feet in width; the auditorium is 74 feet by 60, and the extreme height from parquette to dome 55 feet.

Opened November 18th, 1856, with Shakespeare's

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Duke in Exile.....F C Wemyss
Duke Frederick.....Mr Chester
Amiens.....Julia Gould
Jacques.....G K Dickinson
Le Beau.....J A Smith
Charles, the Wrestler.....Mr Harcourt
Oliver.....Mr Lingham
Jacques.....McRae
Orlando.....George Jordan
Adam.....Mr Burnett
Lord.....H Hayes
Touchstone.....Charles Wheatleigh
Corin.....Mr Stoddard
Silvius.....Mr Ringgold
William.....W Reeve
Rosalind.....Laura Keene
Celia.....Mrs Stoddard
Phebe.....Josephine Manners
Audrey.....Mrs H P Grattan

The house was crowded on the opening night—2,220 persons present, and the receipts amounted to $940

The building cost $74 000, and is erected on ground leased for 21 years.

The theatre is leased to Miss Keene at an annual rental of $12,000 for seven years. The house will comfortably seat 2 000 persons.

The forty fifth place of amusement is Buckley's Hall, located on Broadway, opposite Niblo's, for the performance of Ethiopian Minstrelsy. It was opened by Buckley's Serenaders.

On the 29th of June, 1857, it was transformed into a place for dramatic performances, and opened by Thaddeus W. Meighan as the "New Olympic Theatre." It proved a failure, the proprietor sinking $900.

Re-opened August 24th, 1857, by T. B. Johnston & W. B. Moore, for the fall season. The opening bill was "Lola Montez, or Catching a Governor," "P. P., or The Man and the Tiger," and "The Alpine Maid." This management proved a failure.

Re-opened October 19th, by the "Prendergrast Minstrels." Closed November 14th.

Re-opened Monday, December 7th, 1857, by Harry Jordan, with a good dramatic company, but it soon closed its doors.

The forty sixth place of amusement was Wood's Opera House, located on Broadway, near Prince street, Nos. 561 and 563, built of white marble. The entrance was from Broadway, sixteen feet in width, with a wide and handsome staircase leading to the spacious corridor. On each side of which are retiring rooms for ladies. The floors of the corridors are laid in white marble. From the main corridor a staircase leads to the grand tier, where there is a splendid saloon, after the fashion of the *foyer* in the French theatres. The auditorium had a parquette and two galleries, capable of seating 2,000 persons. The seats were covered with crimson velvet, and as soft and comfortable as in a fashionable church. The building is 50 feet in width, 155 feet in depth, and 40 feet in height, with a stage 40 feet by 50. The proscenium is neatly decorated, and contains four private boxes, luxuriously appointed, and hung with curtains of pure yellow silk.

Opened Thursday evening, October 15th, 1857. Cost of building $65 000. Now used as a bank.

The fortieth place of amusement was the old Academy Rooms on Broadway, near Broome street, which was opened in May, 1858, for the performance of glees, madrigals, and solos, on the same plan as "Evans'," "The Cider Cellars," and other well known London establishments.

The fortieth theatre was the Theatre Francais, located at 585 Broadway. We append the opening bill:—

Grande Ouverture.

Mardi, 8 Mars, 1859.

Premiere representation de

Mr. Paul Laba, du Theatre.

Francais de Paris

Premiere representation de

M'lle Laurence Chevalier du Theatre des Varietes de Paris, dans Un Changement De Main. Comedie vandeville en deux actes. Mr. Paul Laba remplira le role de Alexis Romanouski. M'lle Lawrence Chevalier celui de l'Imperatrice de Russia.

Les autres roles par M'lles Jane Mantheaux, Louise, MM. Tallot, Delalain, Thiery et Leon.

Premiere representation de Mr. Bertrand, du Conservatoire de Paris duas

Un Monsieur Qui Prend La Mouche, comedie farce, en un acte, Melle de couplets Soiree par MM Bertrand, premiere comique; Tallot, Edgard, Thiery, Leon; M'lles Jane, Montheaux.

F. Whidows et C. Sage.....Directeurs.

The forty first theatre and forty-ninth place of amusement in New York was the New Bowery Theatre, situated between new Canal and Hester streets, two blocks north of the old Bowery, and on the same side of the way. Its exterior dimensions are 75 feet on the Bowery, 204 feet in depth, and 100 feet on Elizabeth street. The auditorium is divided into a pit, 72 by 90 feet and seating 2,500 persons, and three tiers of boxes, which will hold 2,000 more. The stage is 85 feet deep, and 50 feet wide at the proscenium. On either side of the proscenium are the scene rooms, dressing rooms, &c., and the stage space is left perfectly clear for any grand effect that may be arranged for it. The entrance on the Bowery is through a handsome colonnade, suported by iron pillars of the Corinthian order. This entrance is twenty-five feet wide. The scenery of the old Broadway Theatre was bought for this establishment, and re-painted by Brothers Smith.

Messrs. Fox & Lingard purchased the theatre for $50,000.

Opened Monday, September 5th, 1859.

The curtain rose and displayed the members of the company, with the managers, Messrs. Fox & Lingard, in the centre of the group, with Miss Cappell, the leading actress of the theatre, the managers pronounced suitable opening addresses in prose. After which the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" followed. After which was produced, for the first time, the historical drama written by C. W. Taylor.

THE ORANGE GIRL OF VENICE;

Or,

THE COUNCIL OF TEN.

Nicoletti.....Mr G L Fox
Eugene Coletti.....Miss Cordelia Cappell

To conclude with G. L. Fox's comic pantomime of

THE FOUR LOVERS.

Bibbo.....G L Fox
Papa Bibbo.....W Mitchell

BOSTON.

In the year 1756, Concert Hall, a handsome building at the head of Hanover street, was erected by Stephen Deblois, a musician, for the purpose of concerts, dancing and other entertainments.

During the siege the British officers entertained themselves with amusements of a theatrical sort. From that time we discover no traces of a theatre in Boston till 1789, when the newspapers contain intimations of a design to establish one. An effort was made in 1792 to repeal the prohibitory law, which failed, and the expedient of exhibiting plays under the title of Moral Lectures, was therefore adopted in the fall of that year. A building was erected in Board Alley, now called Hawley street, and known as the "New Exhibition Room." Capable of holding 500 persons."

Opened August 10th, 1792, under the management of Wm. J. Harper. The following was the opening bill:—

New Exhibition Room.

Board Alley.

FEATS OF ACTIVITY.

This evening, the 10th of August, will be exhibited dancing on the tight rope by Monsieurs Placide and Martin. Mons. Placide will dance a hornpipe on a tight rope, play the violin in various attitudes, and jump over a cane backwards and forwards.

Introductory Address by Mr. Harper.

Singing by Mr. Woods.

Various feats of tumbling by Mons. Placide and Martin, who will make somersaults backwards and forwards over a table, chair, &c. Mons. Martin will exhibit several feats on the slack rope.

In the course of the evening will be delivered

THE GALLERY OF PORTRAITS;

Or,

THE WORLD AS IT GOES,

By Mr. Harper.

The whole to conclude with a dancing ballet, called

THE BIRD CATCHER.

With the Minuet de la Cour, and the Gavot, by

Monsieur and Madame Placide.

Doors to be opened at 7; commence at 7½ o'clock

Tickets at 6s.; first seats, 4s. 6d.; second seats and third seats, 3s. May be had at the Post Office, and at B. Russell's printing office, from the hours of 10 to 1 A. M., and from 3 to 5 P. M. on exhibition days.

The third place of amusement was "The Museum;" commenced June, 1791, by the exhibition of a few specimens of wax work, at the American Coffee House, opposite the Bunch of Grapes, in State street. It was soon removed to the hall over the new school house, near the Rev. Mr. West's meeting.

In 1795 it assumed the name of the Columbian Museum, and was established at the head of the Mall (on the corner of Broomfield's lane). Destroyed by fire January 15th, 1803.

The second theatre was opened February 3d, 1794, under the management of Messrs. Charles Stuart, Powell & Baker, assisted by the trustees. It was 140 feet deep, 61 feet front, and 40 feet high. The following is a copy of the opening bill:—

New Theatre

Will open this evening, with the Republican tragedy of

GUSTAVUS VASA,

THE DELIVERER OF HIS COUNTRY.

All the characters will be personated by Messrs. Baker, Jones, Collins, Nelson, Bartlett, Powell, S. Powell, and Kenney; Miss Harrison, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Baker, and the Child by Miss Cordelia Powell, being her first appearance on any stage.

To which will be added an entertainment called

MODERN ANTIQUITIES,

Or,

THE MERRY MOURNERS,

Mr and Mrs Cockletop, by.....Mr Jones and Miss Baker.

The other characters by Messrs. S. Powell, Collins, Nelson, Baker, &c.; Mrs. Johnes, Mrs. Baker and Miss Collins.

As we shall ever wish to give what we conceive to be the most harmonic to the soul, and congenial to the general sentiments of our brethren of the land we live in, the following distribution of the music will precede the drawing up of the curtain:—

Yankee Doodle.

Grand Ballet Overture in Henry IV.

General Washington's March.

The prefatory address, by C. Powell, between the acts.

A grand symphony by Sig. Chas. Stametz.

Grand overture by Sig. Vanhall.

Grand Symphony by Sig. Hayden.

Box $1; pit, 3s. 9d.; gallery 25 cents.

The doors open at 5; curtain drawn precisely at 6.

Destroyed by fire February 2d, 1798.

The "Haymarket," located on Tremont street, opened Monday, December 26th, 1796. The structure was an immense looking pile, proudly overtopping every other building in the Metropolis. Constructed entirely of wood, with three tiers of boxes, gallery, pit, drawing room, &c. The entrance to the pit was up a pair of stairs. We present a copy of the opening bill:—

HELLES STRATAGEM.

Doricourt.....S Powell
Sir George Touchwood.....Mr Marriott
Flutter.....C Powell
Saville.....Dickerson
Courtall.....Taylor
Villars.....A Young American
Hardy.....Simpson
Letetia Hardy.....Mrs S Powell
Lady Frances.....Miss Hughes
Miss Ogle.....Miss Harrison
Mrs Rackett.....Mrs Simpson

To be followed by the ballet pantomime of

MIRZA AND LINDA.

Charles S. Powell.....Manager.

The fourth theatre was built on the site of the one destroyed by fire in Feb., 1798. Opened by Hodgkinson, July, 1798. The pieces were a prelude called "The First Nights' Apology, or All in a Bushel," "Wives as They Were," and "The Purse."

The last performance took place Saturday, May 8th, 1852, by the Aurora Dramatic Club. The bill was "Speed the Plough," and "A Nabob for an Hour."

The scenery, wardrobe, library, and other theatrical property was sold at auction May 17, 1852. It was immediately afterwards pulled down.

In May, 1803, Mr. Bowen built a Museum, at the corner of Milk and Oliver streets.

The Boston Museum, a large five story building, over No. 6 north side of the Market, was opened by Philip Wood, on the 28th of February, 1804.

Sold at auction in the summer of 1822.

In 1806, Mr. Bowen erected a costly brick edifice, five stories high, on the lot north of the Chapel burial ground opened it Nov. 27th, with the collection of curiosities removed from the other Museum building.

Destroyed by fire on the 16th January, 1807.

Re-built to the height of two stories, and opened June 2d, 1807.

The New York Museum was opened in Boylston Hall in 1812.

The fifth theatre was a new brick amphitheatre, opened at the Washington Gardens, on Tremont street, during the summer of 1819.

Mr. Bernard.....Director.

The entertainments comprised songs, addresses, recitations, and short vaudevilles.

In 1823 it was known as the City Theatre, and opened in December by Joe Cowell, with stage and ring performances. "Tom and Jerry" was brought out on the 19th, for the first time in Boston.

In May 1827, the ring was converted into a pit, and opened by Burroughs.—[To be continued.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

BILL POSTERS' UNION CARD.

The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:

Albany, N. Y.	J. B. Smith, Morning Times office.	45-6m*
Baltimore, Md.	Geo. F. Walker, 12 North st., (basement).	15 3m*
Boston, Mass.	Peter Kelly, No. 2 Williams' Court.	9 3m*
Terrehaute, Ind.	Jacob Rapp, Journal office.	11 3m*
Cleveland, O.	T. J Quinlan & Co., 147 Ontario street.	18 6m*

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
Grand re-opening of the popular
BRYANTS'
MINSTRELS,
The company is composed of the following popular artists, under the direction of
JERRY, NEIL and DAN BRYANT.
P. B. ISAACS, A. H. HOBBS,
D. S. WAMBOLD, N. W. GOULD,
JAS. CARROLL, M. A. SCOTT,
T. NORTON, D. EMMETT,
G. CHARLES, PAUL BERGER,
J. H. SIVORI, T. J. PEEL, and
W. L. HOBBS, LITTLE TOMMY.
For particulars see bills of the day. Doors open at 7; to commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 17 tf

SANFORD'S OPERA TROUPE.
The greatest
ASSOCIATION OF ARTISTS IN MINSTRELSY,
Are now on a tour, prior to their opening in Philadelphia.
The Company comprises
COOL WHITE, SIG. R. ABECCA,
DICK SLIFER, E. DIXEY,
J. HOLDEN, J. A. VON BONHOUT,
C. CAMPBELL, J. WILLIAMS,
MAST. SANFORD, W. HARRISON,
R. LINDSAY, and S. S. SANDFORD.
The entertainments given by
SANFORD'S TROUPE
Will introduce all the latest novelties which have been produced at SANFORD'S OPERA HOUSE. For particulars see bills. 20-4t

THE CELEBRATED ORIGINAL AND ONLY
WOOD'S MINSTRELS.
SYLVESTER BLEEKER.....Manager
FROM 444 BROADWAY,
AND
WOOD'S MARBLE TEMPLE OF MINSTRELSY,
561 and 563 Broadway, N. Y.,
Where they have been permanently located for the
PAST TEN YEARS,
Are now on their first annual traveling tour, and will visit all the principal towns and cities in the Northern States during the months of June and July, when they will give their
BRILLIANT ENTERTAINMENTS
Illustrative of
SOUTHERN LIFE AND SCENERY,
introducing a troupe of
FOURTEEN TALENTED ARTISTS
Unequalled in the
MINSTREL PROFESSION.
N. B.—No company genuine without the name of SYLVESTER BLEEKER as Manager, and the mammoth Photographs which will be on exhibition at the Post Office in each town.
Tickets.....25 cents.
FRANK EDWARDS, Agent.

J. H. SNETHEN'S
GREAT AMERICAN OPERA TROUPE,
(LATE COOPER'S.)
Established for the rendition of the best Operas, &c., in the English language, embraces the following splendid Lyric Artists, forming a Constellation of Stars never before equalled on this Continent.
ANNIE MILNER,
Prima Donna Assoluta.
MISS H. PAYNE, MISS MARIA BARTON,
Second Lady. Third Lady.
ANNIE KEMP, AYNSLEY COOK,
Contralto. First Bass.
BROOKHOUSE BOWLER, F. B. BOUDINOT,
First Tenor. Second Bass.
F. TOULMIN, MR. SUGDEN,
Contra Basso. Third Bass.
MR. KRAFT, Pianist.
The Chorus will consist of the following excellent Vocalists:
MISS BARTON, MISS GIMBER, MISS WHELE,
MISS JOHNSON, MR. BRUNO, MR. WICKENS,
MR. STANLY, MR. WARRIE, MR. SUGDEN,
MR. BRANDON, and MR. STICKNEY.
Danseuse.....MISS ANNIE GIMBER.
Stage Manager of the Troupe.....MR. FRANK BOUDINOT.
H. C. COOPER,
Director of the Music, Solo Violinist and General Manager.
Business Agent.....T. ALLSTON BROWN.
The Repertoire of the Troupe consists of the following great Works:

FULL OPERAS.	OPERATIC PLAYS.
Lucrezia Borgia.....Donizetti	Rob Roy,
Daughter of the Regim't do	Guy Mannering,
The Love Spell..... do	No Song, No Supper,
Lucia di Lammermoor. do	Midas,
The Bohemian Girl.....Balfe.	The Quaker,
La Sonnambula.....Bellini.	The Waterman.
Norma..... do	ORATORIOS.
Il Trovatore..... .....Verdi.	The Creation,
La Traviata..... do	The Messiah,
Cinderella..... .....Rossini.	Elijah,
The Barber of Seville .. do	The Stabat Mater,
Der Freyschutz.....Weber.	The Requiem.
Fra Diavolo.....Auber.	MISCELLANEOUS CONCERTS, &c.
The Crown Diamonds.. do	
Marriage of Figaro'....Mozart.	

☞ Negociations are pending for the production of Wallace's New Opera of "Lurline," which has lately created so great a furore in Europe.
Managers wishing to make arrangements with this fine Troupe, will please address T. ALLSTON BROWN, Business Agent, City Item office, Philadelphia, Pa.
The Troupe, after a rest of six weeks, re-open at Boston for a season of four weeks; they then take a tour through all the Southern States, visiting Havana, &c. 9

RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS.
NEW ORGANIZATION
AND
TRIPLE COMBINATION!
Consisting of
CORPS DE BALLET, PANTOMIME TROUPE,
And the most Carefully Selected Company of
ETHIOPIAN MUSICIANS AND VOCALISTS
The world has ever produced.

LIST OF ARTISTES FOR 1860-61.

A. M. HERANDEZ,	HARRY LEHR,
GUSTAVE JEDAUX,	W. ALONZO OWENS,
H. S. RUMSEY,	MLLE ROSATI,
LITTLE BOBBY,	JULES HUDSON,
E. FRENCHANI,	YOUNG LANGLOISE,
MONS. B YATESIE,	CARL DE VINCENT,
J. GARATEQUI,	T. D. STANLEY,
W. W. NEWCOMB.	

This Mammoth Enterprise will start on its Annual Tour, West and South, en route for the Island of Cuba, August 13th.
CARD EXPLANATIVE.
Until the present season we have announced ourselves as RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S CAMPBELL MINSTRELS, and as such were everywhere recognized. The name was our's by *inheritance*, we being the survivors of those who now sleep beneath the clods of the valley, having, with them, years ago, formed the Campbells. As one by one departed, we kept struggling on to maintain the reputation our dead brethren left behind, and at the same time establish permanently the name originally adopted. Soon the name became familiar as household words to the public, and the announcement "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING," was everywhere hailed with delight. But men lacking force, integrity, talent, or business qualifications, formed bands spasmodically, and as Gipseys do their stolen children, named them falsely and called them Campbells. We found non-professional persons—Bohemians, strolling actors, mountebanks and impostors—roaming from city to city and town to town, and deceiving the public by ingeniously copied publications and downright misrepresentations. Recollections of the golden days of THE Campbells; respect for the memory of our deceased co-laborers, and a desire to keep the public from the machinations of the VAGRANTS above alluded to, we deemed it best to lay aside the name of Campbells, whose escutcheon we labored hard to keep untarnished, and assume that of our established firm; at the same time we would CAUTION THE PUBLIC that no persons now traveling or living, save ourselves, have a right to announce themselves as CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.
H. S RUMSEY,
W. W. NEWCOMB,
18tf Managers and Proprietors.

THE GREEN STREET THEATRE, in the city of Albany, will be rented for theatrical purposes, concerts, and exhibitions, by the season, week, or night. The building is in first rate condition. For terms enquire of
[20-5*] M. C. G. NICHOLS, 442 Broadway, Albany.

TO MANAGERS.—MISS CHARLOTTE CRAMPTON is now prepared for Starring engagements, West and South preferred. Wishes to go to California or Australia. Address this office. 20 3t*

KINGSBURY HALL, CHICAGO, ILL.—This elegant Hall, since its opening, May 1st, 1860, has been occupied by some of the first musical talent of the country, with entire success, and by them pronounced to be the finest Concert Hall in the Northwest For rent, on liberal terms, apply to PRATT & SALTER,
16-3m P. O. Box 2210, Chicago, Ill.

BOWERY THEATRE.
GEORGE WOOD.....Sole Lessee and Manager.
This favorite Theatre having been
ENTIRELY ALTERED AND DECORATED,
Is now acknowledged to be one of the most
BEAUTIFUL AND COMFORTABLE
Places of amusement in this city. It
WILL OPEN THURSDAY, AUGUST 30TH, 1860,
With a
20-1t* FULL AND EFFICIENT COMPANY.

THE PHILADELPHIA MELODEON,
421 CALLOWHILL STREET.
THE
TRIUMPHAL RETURN
TRIUMPHAL RETURN
TRIUMPHAL RETURN
TRIUMPHAL RETURN
TRIUMPHAL RETURN
TRIUMPHAL RETURN
OF ALL THE OLD FAVORITES.
THE NEW YORK MELODEON COMPANY—a company comprising more TALENT and BEAUTY than any five companies in this country—will appear in conjunction with
THE WORLD RENOWNED
PHILADELPHIA MELODEON COMPANY,
On TUESDAY, SEPT. 4, 1860,
and on every succeeding eveping during the Fall and Winter Season thereby forming a company with which
THE MANAGEMENT INVITE COMPARISON, AND DEFY COMPETITION FROM ALL THE MANAGEMENTS COMBINED.
From among the many talented principals engaged for the coming season might be enumerated the justly established favorites
MISS SALLIE J. BISHOP and H. O. LALANDE, besides
MISS MILLIE FOWLER,
the only truly classic danseuse on the American stage.
And countless others, all of which will be presented with a fullness and freshness of style and accompaniment that will make them at once beautiful, gorgeous and attractive, displaying, as they will, the splendor of Orient and the mellowed loveliness of the
VESPER HOUR.
But while the love of the beautiful will be thus satiated, the admirers of wit, humor, drollery and all the eccentric characteristics of
COMEDY,
SONG, and
ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELSY,
will be gratified by the performance of the best artists in each of these particular departments. The whole entertainment will be so interspersed with single acts of varied beauty as must please any cast of mind that is susceptible of pleasant emotions.
The object of the proprietor of the Melodeon is to present to its patrons such entertainments as, while it delights and edifies, is still relieved from the mannerism and hauteur of the opera or theatre, and leaves the mind at liberty to think, act, or be quiet, as may best accord with its own pleasure, though the senses may be occupied with the presence of the beautiful.
FRANK RIVERS, Proprietor,
17- JAMES CONNER, Stage Manager.

BUDWORTH'S,
late, the original and only genuine
WOOD'S MINSTRELS,
THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE PROFESSION,
From Wood's Marble Palace, 561 and 563 Broadway, and
444 BROADWAY, N. Y.,
Where they have been permanently located for
THE PAST TEN YEARS,
Are now on a tour of the United States and Canada, having recently performed four Weeks, twice each day, at
BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM, N. Y.,
THE GREATEST MINSTREL ENGAGEMENT ON RECORD.
This troupe is under the supervision of
JAMES H. BUDWORTH,
THE PRINCE OF ETHIOPIAN COMEDIANS.
List of artistes for 1860 and '61:

J. H. BUDWORTH,	W. S. BUDWORTH,	ROLLIN HOWARD,
M. J. SALMONS,	MONS. DELVIDIO,	MONS. STRAKOSCH,
J. K. CAMPBELL,	MR. KELTER,	THEO. HALL,
J. SLATER,	A. H. WOOD,	W. STRATTON,

MAST. FRANK BUDWORTH, the smallest Ethiopian artiste; MAST. TOMMY; MADAME INDEX FABBRI-CO, the greatest living burlesque Prima Donna.
Forming a galaxy of artistes unequalled in the annals of ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELSY.
P. S.—No company has the right to the name of "WOOD'S MINSTRELS" except this, as our recent great New York engagement go es to show. No troupe genuine but the one under my management. J. H. BUDWORTH. 19-4t

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
MINSTRELS,
Will commence their
FOURTH REGULAR SEASON,
MONDAY, AUGUST 20TH, 1860,
At their Opera House,
ORDWAY HALL, BOSTON.
The Company consists of the following talented artists:—

LON MORRIS,	E. BOWERS,
BILLY MORRIS,	FRED. WILSON,
JOHNNY PELL,	R. M. CARROLL,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE,	W. H. BROCKWAY,
A. A. THAYER,	J. S. GILBERT,
E. W. PRESCOTT,	CARL TRAUTMAN,
J. P. ENDRES,	FREDERICK HESS,
CHAS A. MORRIS,	MASTER GETTINGS.

The public are assured that nothing will be left undone to merit a continuance of past favors.
19 LON MORRIS, Manager.

THE PHILADELPHIA MELODEON,
421 CALLOWHILL STREET.
The management would most respectfully announce to his friends and the public generally, that this the most popular place of amusement ever established in Philadelphia, will be opened for the season of 1860-61, On TUESDAY, SEPT, 4th, 1860.
In the interim the auditorium of the theatre will be entirely altered, re-decorated and upholstered, and the entire theatre will be renovated and many improvements conducive to the comfort of the audience will be introduced. Further particulars in future advertisements. Ladies and gentlemen of recognized professional ability desiring engagements, may address, by letter only, to
FRANK RIVERS, Proprietor
17- of the New York and Philadelphia Melodeons.

TWEDDLE HALL, ALBANY.—This new and magnificent Hall is now ready to rent for Lectures, Concerts, Exhibitions, &c. It is capable of seating 2,000 persons, and is pronounced by those who have used it to be one of the best and handsomest Halls in the country. For terms address THOS. FAWELL, Agent, Tweddle Hall,
17-81* P. O. Box 540, Albany.

TO THE PROFESSION—GREEN'S HALL, VINCENNES, INDIANA.—Mr. GREEN has fitted up a new Hall, and is now prepared to rent it by the night or week, on reasonable terms, for Concerts, Theatrical Performances, &c., &c. The Hall is lighted with gas, well seated, has a good stage, and possesses all the modern improvements. Siz of the Hall, 82 feet long and 38 feet wide. Will seat 700 persons 17-7t*

MELODEON HALL.—This new and beautiful Hall, capable of seating from twelve to fourteen hundred persons, has been leased by the subscriber for a term of years, and is now ready to rent for Concerts, Lectures, Fairs, &c. It is, without doubt, one of the finest Concert Halls in the country, as regards comfort and elegance.
For terms, address by letter, JOHN P. ORDWAY,
Ordway Hall, Boston,
Or personal application from 10 to 12, A. M., or 2 to 4, P. M., at the Melodeon Hall, to JAMES McGEE, Superintendent. 44-3m

PHOTOGRAPHS OF EDWIN BOOTH, Mrs. Edwin Booth (Mary Devlin), Jos. Jefferson, Mrs. John Wood, Sothern, as Lord Dundreary, E. Eddy, Charlotte Cushman, Maggie Mitchell, and others. Price 25 cents each, and sent free of postage, by
14-tf O. A. ROORBACH, Jr., 122 Nassau st., N. Y.

PHILADELPHIA MELODEON,
421 Callowhill street,
Will open for the Fall and Winter Campaign, on
TUESDAY, SEPT. 4, 1860.
Ladies and gentlemen that are engaged for the coming season will be governed by the above announcement without further notice.
17- FRANK RIVERS, Proprietor.

PITTSBURGH THEATRE.—Ladies and gentlemen wishing engagements for the season opening about the 1st of September, and continuing until the 4th of July, will address William Henderson, Theatre, Pittsburgh. Stars wishing nights will be treated with on liberal terms. No other theatre in the city.
8-tf WILLIAM HENDERSON, Manager.

RESPONSIBLE MANAGERS, wishing to negotiate for a first Low Comedian for the coming Fall and Winter Season, will please address
M. W. FISKE,
(Formerly of Burton's and the Broadway, N. Y., and late of the Boston Theatre,) Halifax, N. S., British Provinces. 15-6t*

CHAS. J. FYFFE, Juvenile and Light Comedian, and KITTY FYFFE, Singing Chambermaids and Boys, are open for engagements, jointly or separately. Managers will please address
19-2t* CHAS. J. FYFFE, Box 169, Mount Vernon, Indiana.

MR. EUGENE FRANKLIN, the popular Leading Juvenile Man, formerly of the Apollo Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa; National Theatre, Boston; and Louisville Theatre, Ky., is open for engagements. Managers wishing to negotiate, can address as above, Boston, Mass 19-2t

SEYMOUR'S REGALIA AND COSTUME DEPOT, No. 152 Canal street. The best variety of Costumes in America made to order and to hire. Country correspondents, to insure an answer, will please enclose a stamp. No business done on Sunday. 51-tf

CHARLES MELVILLE, Tenor and Balladist, late of Mrs. Matt Peel's Campbells, is open for an engagement with a responsible manager. Address CLIPPER office. 19-2t

HOOLEY & CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS
AT THEIR OLD HOMESTEAD,
NIBLO'S SALOON.
R. M. HOOLEY, S. C. CAMPBELL, & G. W. H GRIFFIN, PROPRIETORS.
MONDAY EVENING, AUG 27TH, AND EVERY EVENING.
N. B.—Messrs. Hooley, Campbell & Griffin beg leave to announce to their patrons and the public generally, that they have leased the above commodious and popular Saloon for the winter season, where they intend to produce a series of Ethiopian Entertainments in the most *recherche* style, which, in point of finish and execution, shall far exceed anything of the kind ever offered to a New York audience, the Programme being UNIQUE, ORIGINAL, and UNAPPROACHABLE.
☞ LOOK AT THE COMPANY. ☜

BILLY BIRCH,	J. UNSWORTH,
S. C. CAMPBELL,	MASTER EUGENE,
G. W. H. GRIFFIN,	SIGNOR OLIVEIRA,
A. WEAVER, and MASTER BARNEY,	(Their first appearance.)
J. B. DONNIKER,	J. C. REEVES,
E. J. MELVILLE,	AUG. ASCHE,
J. J. HILLIARD,	L. A. ZWISLER,

and R. M. HOOLEY.
For further particulars, see small bills. Doors open at 7; to commence at 8. Tickets, 25 cents. 20

THE ORIGINAL CAMPBELL MINSTRELS,
Consisting of
Messrs. ROSS, LESLIE, RAINER, LASCELLES, EPH HORN, DULEY, and
EIGHTEEN TALENTED PERFORMERS,
are now performing in Cincinnati, at
SMITH & NIXON'S HALL,
20-4t* previous to their Southern and Havana trip.

MR. J. B. ROBERTS, the eminent tragedian, is now playing a successful engagement at the People's theatre, Baltimore, which he will conclude September 13th, and will commence a two weeks' engagement at Bates' theatre, Cincinnati, Sept. 17th. All business letters addressed will receive prompt attention.
20 1t* JAMES PILGRIM, agent.

FRED AND MARTHA WREN,
The celebrated
JUVENILE COMEDIANS,
(Now at Barnum's Museum,)
Are prepared to STAR with stock companies. Communications to be directed to Mrs. E. O. WREN, care of J. H. RICHARDSON, 105 Nassau street, New York City. 20-2t*

HARRY EVARTS, OF G. F. BAILY'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE.—You will confer a great favor on your distressed wife by writing immediately. [20-1t*] HATTY EVARTS.

CITY SUMMARY.

August 27, 1860.

In monarchies, it is a familiar saying, that the king never dies; in a republic, it is equally customary to observe, that the *people* never die. In New York, we may say something to the same effect, so far as our popular amusements are regarded, which are certainly as immortal as the rule of hereditary kings or the existence of the public. In our theatres and minstrel halls we may recognize our different seasons and our many managers and performers, exactly as, on the larger stages of rule and nations, we own to a succession of individuals, all the while that institutions and the masses remain intact. It is even so; and if in all the year round, there is a time which, much more than any other, illustrates the likeness, it is that to which we have now come. Passing along Broadway, only a few hours since, we had proof positive of this. Right and left of us, were the places recently under certain rule, now under another, but anon to return to the first. Imperceptibly, as though a magic wand had governed the change, were these places, only a few weeks since, transferred from one holder to another, and imperceptibly, will they return—in both cases, involving a thousand individual changes, though not affecting the broad character of the institution represented. Nevertheless, as the case ever is when a monarch dies or a president is elected, there are visible somethings allied with the pending alterations in the amusement world, that notify the same most plainly. Managers going out will be seen about their places; ditto, managers coming in. These gentlemen, like the "going outs" and the "comings in" of an administration, are eloquent of look. There stands he who has made money during his season, and to whom the prospect of a little rest is acceptable. Very lightly does his relinquishment of rule set upon him—as lightly, as does the near prospect of an unofficial term to the minister of state who has done well in his office, and retires under the joint approbation of the people and his own conscience. Pleasantly, too, comes in the manager with present power; who, having rubbed off the rust of inactivity, is once more eager for the fray. The same precisely may he said of the actors and other professionals in general, between whom and their compeers without, there ever has existed that similitude which, almost three hundred years ago, warranted Shakespeare in declaring, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." Still further to carry out the parallel between our professional friends and those bigger actors out of doors, we must notice the feelings of the people respecting them, at this season. Those departing carry with them the good wishes that always are attendant on the worthy public servant; those whose term is approaching, also share the welcome accorded to the official ready to commence his required service. So far as our managers and actors are regarded, many of them have the advantage over the performers in the Senate and Cabinet; having many a time already afforded proof of what they are. But in both cases, there are veterans, and in both cases, when the old labor is resumed, there comes the old criticism on the past, the old anticipation for the future. As a matter of course, both have friends as well as enemies, who are extreme on either side; while, on one side or the other, there is the mighty public, to render justice and gauge each man according to his exact value. Thus, creation lasts: circles within circles—actors on the big and little stages—changes, scenes of shifting life everywhere, but life itself, in its immense aggregate, ever the same.
On the 11th inst. we realised a modern version of "Much Ado About Nothing"—the scene being the Jefferson Market Police Court, and the principal performers, Signor Julian Martinetti, the modern Sampson, and leading acrobat and manager of the Ravel troupe, who was arrested at the suit of his wife, on charge of abandonment. Like Othello, the Signor told a "plain, unvarnished tale," showing that he had been regularly divorced from the lady appearing against him; and producing a bond bearing the joint signature of husband and wife, under which the latter had already received $3,000, and an annual allowance of $200 for her own use and for the support of their children as well. Of course, under these circumstances, the case was dismissed, and the Signor given back to the public.
On the 20th inst., Adah Isaacs Menken gave some readings at Hope Chapel, commencing with the trial scene in the "Merchant of Venice," and including Gloucester's famous interview with Lady Anne, from the play of "Richard the Third. Miss Menken gave several other pieces—Poe's "Raven" and the magnificent exordium to the people, by Gerald Griffin, being among the number, closing with the ever-fascinating "balcony scene" and its feeling "good night," from "Romeo and Juliet." From a careful examination of the lady's manner, we are inclined to believe that she would prove a very valuable accession to a theatre. She has youth, beauty, a melodious voice, and a correct conception of character. She also speaks without any of the affectations which mar the efforts of so many elocutionists; moreover, she has genius, which only requires cultivation to render her an actress in the high and proper sense of the word.
Mr. J. C. Fredericks, tragedian and elocutionist, gives a reading in Hope Chapel to night (the 27th). His programme is a good one, and we have no doubt, that, united with the reputation of the speaker, it will attract a brilliant audience. Though looked upon as a "reading," in the general acceptance of the term, Mr. Fredericks' entertainment is not strictly such—all his recitations being from memory.
"They *will* come," was the exclamation of a certain illustrious personage, when, anxious for a little privacy, he spoke of his majesty, the Public, who would insist on presenting himself at all hours and seasons. It is also the exclamation of the Bryants, in regard to the nightly influx of their friends; although, in their case, the words are not accompanied by the desire that things should be otherwise than they are.
The Hooley & Campbell Minstrels commence their fall and winter season, to-night (Monday) at the old homestead, Niblo's Saloon. The company remains essentially the same, with the exception of A. Weaver and Master Barney. The programme is full of novelty and the right sort of matter to amuse the laughter-loving public.
Anxious for another glance at the combined company performing at the Melodeon, we paid a visit there last week, and came away as amused as ever. The style of the entertainments, their variety, and the very pleasant adjuncts in the way of ventilation and good order—all characteristic of Frank Rivers' management of this popular resort—will make us long remember it.
At Wallack's, the Florence season was wound up on the 25th; the lessees receiving a complimentary benefit on the previous evening, in which all the employees of the establishment joined in giving their services gratuitously. To-night (Monday), the theatre is re-opened, for a brief season, under the management of Mr. Theodore Moss, a gentleman who has been connected, in various capacities, with the treasury department for the past eight years. Miss Jane Coombs and Mr. George Jordan are included in the company, and the opening piece is Lovell's meritorious drama of "The Wife's Secret." We hear that the regular season commences on or about the 10th of September. The present is "positively" the last week (if we may believe the announcements) of "Our American Cousin," and to-night, Mr. Sothern, who has acquired a reputation by his performance of the caricature lord, has a benefit. On Wednesday, Mrs. John Wood, whom we are about to lose for a time, makes an appeal to her friends and the public. Further than these events, we have nothing to speak of in connection with Miss Keene's Theatre, if we except the preparations going on under the superintendence of the radiant lady herself to inaugurate her fifth season with becoming *eclat*. Mr. Jefferson's term ends on the 31st.
At the New Bowery, Messrs. Fox and Lingard take a joint benefit this (Monday) evening, when the performances will consist of "The Rag Picker of Paris," "The Four Lovers," and the CLIPPER drama of "Harry Blake." Like the hero of the latter, the lessees of this house have been for the last season "traveling on their (professional) muscle." The new drama, entitled "The Siege of Palmyra," is now ready for representation, and will be produced immediately. It is evident the management contemplate a double "siege" in connection with the novelty—one attack being directed against their own doors by the lovers of exciting incident and spectacular effects.
The Old Bowery opens on the 30th, under the management of Mr. George Wood, with the following company:—E. L. Tilton, W. H Leighton, W. M. Ward, Sam Ryan, S. W. Glenn, Harry Jordan, J. W. Collier, C. W. Harrison, Sidney Wilkins, Edwin Mortimer, W. H. Stephens, C. Foster, W. Holland, R. Quinlon, D. Walter, J. Walkowski, Mrs. H. Jordan, Mrs. H. A. Perry, Miss Hattie Arnold, Mrs. M. E. Burroughs, Miss M. Newton, Miss Emma Smith, Miss Kate Archer, Miss F. Monell, Miss C. Monell, Miss A. Drew, Miss S. Walters, Miss M. Parker, Miss C Leroy.
Wizard Anderson continues at the Winter Garden, dispensing his magic, in which he is ably assisted by his children.
Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie, the late actress and present authoress, was among the departures from this city, on the 25th, on board the "Adriatic," for Europe.
Mrs. Lotty Hough is included in Laura Keene's company, for the ensuing season. The lady was formerly connected with the Chambers Street Theatre, and was, more recently, with Miss Keene, at the Metropolitan, or, as it was then called, the Varieties.
At Niblo's Garden, the athletic contests between amateurs of the city, commence this (Monday) evening. It promises to be an interesting exhibition, and we shall make a point of being there. The six Hanlons appear nightly.
The Wren Family of Juvenile Comedians, having been engaged for another week at Barnum's, will appear there to-night in the characters they have already won favor in. Little in size, they are really big in ability.
At the Palace Garden, during the past week, everything has been cool, pleasant, and melodious, as usual. For the present, the Heiman Juvenile Opera Troupe has been engaged, and will give, among other entertainments, the protean comedietta of "She would be an Actress."
What with "stars" rising and setting, Canterbury Hall is likely to do well. The present is Sam Cowell's last week. He is succeeded by Charley White, Miss Eva Brent, vocalist; and J. H. Ogden, the "Irish Ambassador."
On reference to another part of our paper, it will be seen that Fred and Martha Wren, juvenile comedians, now at Barnum's, are prepared to enter into "star" engagements with managers. Though small luminaries, they are bright ones, and it is to be hoped they will brighten many a theatric atmosphere yet.
Mr. D. Parker is in the city, and would like to hear from Shorey, Duprez, and Green, of the New Orleans Opera Troupe.
The programme of the opera season, to commence in September, at the Academy of Music, has appeared. It is in the usual style of such things. Annexed is the list of the principals in the company: Madames Cortesi, Fabbri, Strakesch, Colson, and Adelina Patti, primi donni; Signori Tamberlik, Brignoli, Musiani, and Tamaro, primi tenori; Signori Amodio, Ferri; and Amodio *frere*, primi bartoni; Herr Formes and Signor Susini, primi bassi; Maretzek and Muzio, conductors.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

The following California items are from our regular correspondent: San Francisco, July 31, 1860.—FRIEND FRANK:—Since my last, amusements of all kinds have been very flourishing here; in fact, I do not think that they have been in a more prosperous condition for four years past.
Opera House. The English and Italian Opera Troupe closed a very long and successful Season here on the 21st: the last week being almost entirely devoted to benefits.
Charles Wheatleigh commenced his engagement at the Opera House, on the 22d; producing the "Colleen Bawn," with a cast which he pronounces superior to Laura Keene's. Among the performers engaged for this Piece were Harry Perry, J. B. Booth, W. Lehman, Miss Harriet Gordon. Mrs. Woodward and Miss A. Land. The piece had a run of eight nights, and was withdrawn on Sunday, to give place to the "Octoroon," in which Booth, Perry, Barry, Anderson, Wheatleigh, Lehman, Hyde, Misses Edwin, Gordon, Land, Paullin, Cogswell, Mesdames, Woodward and Claughly were cast. This drama will be succeeded by "Effie Deans," and when that is withdrawn, Miss J. M. Davenport will play her farewell engagement, supported by the company now attached to this house.
The Lyceum has been opened and closed by several parties since the Marsh Juveniles left; but invariably without success.
The Olympic. After a sickly season of a few weeks, this establishment gave up the ghost last evening.
The American Theatre. This Theatre will re-open to night with the "Devil in San Francisco," an adaptation of the Operatta of "Don Giovanni in London." George Rver is Director, and Thoman Stage Manager. Miss Julia Thoman (Julia Pelby) is the leading lady. They may do well, especially as the prices of admission have been put down to the New York standard.
The Marsh Juvenile Comedians, after a very long and most successful tour through the Northern Mines, have announced to play their farewell engagement (prior to their departure for Australia) at the Lyceum; commencing to-morrow evening.
The English and Italian Opera Troupe left here on the 28th for the Interior, intending to perform in Sacramento, Marysville and Stockton before returning to this city.
There have been several grand Concerts at the Academy of Music, the Pavilion, and the Cathedral, all of which have been well patronized.
Platt's New Music Hall, will be open with a grand Concert on the 8th of August.
The Metropolitan Circus Troupe, after a tour through the hills have returned, and have been treating us San Franciscans to Horse Opera for the past few days.
Joseph A. Rowe, the Pioneer Circus Manager, who returned a few days since from Australia, will be the recipient of a complimentary benefit this evening.
Marshall has leased the Sacramento Theatre, and opened it as a Melodeon.
The Elephant and Mule Show are in Marysville. Manager Wilson notwithstanding the loss of Victoria has made money this season.
Mme. Sherwood, the "Fat woman," returns to New York to day. She will in all probability remember this country and the up set in Oregon as long as she lives.
A late Arrival. Fifteen Camels having been imported for service on the Plains, have been engaged by J. Horace Kent, and are being exhibited on the lot formerly occupied by Melgg's Minstrel Hall.
Tirrell & Co's Panorama of California will be shipped for the East in a few days. It is a grand work of Art, and is sure to draw immensely in every city in the Atlantic States.
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Fortes are here.
We have no Minstrels of note, except W. White, formerly with Christy in New York; and he talks of abandoning Cork, and commencing a career in the Book & Stationery line. SHERRY COBEYS.

The route of the Antonio Brothers Great World Circus, during the past week was as follows:—At Tipton, Ia., on the 20th; Bay Rock, 21st; Dewitt, 22d; Maquoketa, 23d; Sebuta, 24th; Mount Carroll, Ill., 25th. During the present week, the troupe will appear at Polo, Dixon, Mendotta, Amboy City, and Sterling, on the 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st Aug., respectively. They are wending their way towards Indiana, and there was a talk about some of them staying at Rock Island, where the troupe expected to arrive on the 5th inst.
The St. Louis Theatre was opened on the 20th inst., under the management of Ben DeBar. Miss Maggie Mitchell was the "star" at commencement. Others will shine after, including the Batemans, we believe. In our last, we gave a few of the names to be found in the company, of which we now append a complete list. C. Pope, H. Riley, McClounin, T. Hind, T. W. Davey, A. Read, W. P. Smith, W. T. McManus, M. Golden, C. Murphy, C. Hammersley, J. Leonard, Howard, Whelmer, Campbell and Daly. Mrs. Perrin, (late Miss Woodbury,) Mrs. Hind, Misses Lizzie, Mary and Emma Madden, Mrs. McManus, Miss Laura Honey, Miss Lewellyn, Miss Raynord, Miss McCloskey, Mrs. Campbell, and Mrs. McIntosh. Mr. H. Corri acting manager, Mr. Gleason, treasurer, Mr. McIntosh, machinist, and Mr. T. R. Butts, property-man. Mr. A. Waldauer, has charge of the orchestra.
Miss Charlotte Crampton is making preparations for the fall and winter season, and is now negotiating for engagements. See her advertisement in this department.
Eugene Ravel, the Wizard, assisted by Miss Louisa Ravel, second sight mysteriare, and Mr. J. L. Sanford, mimic, was performing in Marblehead, Mass., last week.
Crisp's company performed for the last time at Nashville, Tenn., on the 11th ult., when a "complimentary" was given to Harry Howland. Among the entertainments were several bouts at sparring, and a silver cup was presented to the best jig dancer, by Mr. William Sweeney.
Mr. Rarey, having a few weeks to spare before returning to America, had made arrangements with Messrs Howe and Cushing to give his lectures and illustrations of subduing wild and vicious horses, in connection with the regular circus performances. His route would be Brighton, the 13th and 14th ult.; Worthing, 15th; Bognor, 16th; Chichester, 17th; Gosport, 18th; Ryde, Isle of Wight, 20th; Ventnor, 21st; Newport, 22d; Cowes, 23d; Portsmouth, 24th and 25th; Southampton, 27th and 28th; Salisbury, 29th; Blandford, 30th; Dorchester, 31st; and Weymouth, September 1st.
CARD.—Boston, Aug. 19th.—EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* I have just seen a paragraph in your paper in which my name is mentioned, and as the announcement is somewhat pointed, may I ask you to oblige me by stating in your next number my true position at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, next season, which is, as first comedienne, being engaged by Mr Garrettson for the "*entire range*" of business in that line. This simple statement of a simple fact will confer a favor upon very respectfully yours,
ANNA COWELL.
The Buckley Minstrels, with Miss Julia Gould, were announced to make their first appearance in London, about the middle of September.
Budworth's Minstrels gave two concerts on the 24th and 25th ult., at Library Hall, Newark, N. J.
Professor Woodward, with his panorama of Laying the Atlantic Cable, and assisted by Will Truth, the pantomimist, commences a series of six performances, this (Monday) evening, at Lowell, Mass.
The Alleghanian Minstrels were at Lima, Peru, in July, and gave five concerts at the large Opera House. They were to leave on the 13th inst., for Guyaquil, whence they would proceed to Panama, &c.,—returning to New York, in November.
An English circus, under the management of William and Henry Cooke, was doing well at Boulogne, France.
Wallett's Circus visited North and South Shields, Eng., on the 3d ult., and did a good business there.
Miss Kate Saxon was acting at the James' Theatre, London, which had been opened for a summer season.
The great feature at the Alhambra, London, is a performing hippopotamus, which, it is said, was caught in the Indian seas by some native sailors when only a few days old, and no larger than a spaniel. It has since grown to an enormous size, and is perfectly obedient to command, and performs some really astonishing feats.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews were still performing at the Haymarket Theatre, London.
The whereabouts of Mr. H. H. Smith, formerly treasurer of the Metropolitan Theatre, Rochester, is required. Mr. S. left New York on the 17th of November, 1859, on the steamship Philadelphia, for New Orleans, and was at that time agent for Prof. Love, the magi-

ian. Parties able to give the required information can address office of the CLIPPER.

Under the caption of "Stage Beauty vs. Mind," the London "Era" published the following judicious remarks: "We prefer a clever actress, though she be no great beauty, to those inert creatures who imagine that personal beauty, or a well formed limb, can replace intellect. It is undoubtedly pleasing to contemplate a pretty face, but much more so if it indicates a tolerable degree of intelligence; they are certainly sometimes combined in the same person, but not very frequently, for, unfortunately, a girl with a pretty face is too apt to regard it as her "fortune," and neglects to cultivate properly the mental gifts with which she may be endowed. So she becomes a pretty-faced non entity; is permitted to display her unintellectual charms and egregious vanity on the stage, and usurp the place of those possessing real merit and talent, who are capable of giving dignity to the drama, and gratification and satisfaction to its patrons."

Theatricals at Milwaukee seem to be at a low ebb, and to have been so for some months past. Strakosch and Adelina Patti did a good business a few weeks since, and the music loving citizens were last week on the tip toe of expectation, through the announcement of a concert by Madame Anna Bishop, at the Academy of Music, on the 23d ult. F. Rudolphson, baritone, and T. A. Hogan, pianist, were to assist on the occasion.

A rumor is afloat, to the effect that Miss Louisa Pyne and W. H. Harrison, after the termination of their London engagements, will go straight to California. We believe they will re-visit New York first.

Wagner, the celebrated musical composer, who was condemned to death for his participation in the revolutionary troubles of '48, has received a free pardon from the King of Saxony. His Majesty obviously thinks that the *maestro* can be more serviceable to humanity in general, while dealing in musical bars, than to kings, while behind the bars of a prison.

Miss Agnes Robertson and Mr. Bourcicault had been engaged at the Adelphi Theatre, London, and were announced to appear very shortly in a new piece written by the industrious Dion.

Some amateur performances by ladies and gentlemen belonging to English "Upper Tendom" recently took place at Wareham Park, Oxfordshire, the seat of the Countess of Waldergrave. One of the plays acted was "The Honeymoon," which was cast as follows:—The Duke, Mr. G. E. H Vernon; Count Montalbon, Lord Skelmersdale; Balthazar, Mr. Doyle; the Mock Duke, the Earl of Setton, Campedo, Lord Norreys; Juliana, Countess of Waldergrave. The lady is the daughter of the late John Braham, vocalist, and sister to Augustus Braham, who was included in the Catherine Hayes troupe, while in the States, a few years since.

The Green Street Theatre, Albany, can be rented on easy terms for theatrical entertainments, concerts, etc. See advertisement.

A very amusing incident recently occurred in a French court of justice. A tenor sought to recover damages from the manager of a Parisian Opera House, whose plea for not fulfilling his contract, was the inability of the complainant to sound a C. Sharp; through which, according to the usages of the profession, he was only entitled to the compensation of a chorus singer. After a great deal had been said *pro* and *con*, the singer, to put an extinguisher on the excuse of the manager, commenced a song, in the course of which he reached C Sharp several times, in the midst of the admiration and applause of the court. The result was a judgment for the entire sum he claimed.

Edward Berry concluded an engagement of eight nights at the Broadway Gaieties, on the 20th ult. He is engaged at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, and commences there on the 10th of September.

James Robinson, the bare-back horse rider of celebrity, has seceded from the Nixon Troupe, now at Niblo's. He is in Cincinnati, and intends leaving for Europe shortly.

The original Rivers, White & Lewis' Minstrels and Brass Band gave a performance at Gothic Hall, Boston, on the 23d ult.

George Christy's Minstrels perform at Syracuse, August 27; Utica, 28; Troy, 29; Albany, 30 and 31; and Hudson, September 3.

On the 25th ult., Yankee Robinson's Dramatic and Circus Troupe appeared at Clyde. On the 27th it shows at Seneca Falls; 28th at Waterloo; 29th at Geneva; and 30th and 31st at Canandaigua. Besides a performance in the arena, the troupe gives the interesting dramas of the "Battle of Buena Vista," and the "Days of '76."

From our Pittsburgh correspondent, "Adelphi," we have the following, under date of Aug 23d:—Amusements of every description continue provokingly dull in our otherwise bustling city, and Trimble yet holds full sway, no rival for public patronage having yet appeared. The dismal clouds, however, which have been lowering over us so gloomily for some time past, are fast beginning to disappear, and the horizon is commencing to don a cheerful garb of a brilliant and promising appearance. Judging by these indications, our city will soon afford the pleasure seeker an opportunity of making a choice from among an unprecedented array of amusements. A storm invariably succeeds such a calm as we have experienced. The Varieties is doing a large business. Cool Burgess and Bob Sheppard left for Philadelphia on Thursday last. Bob has been very unwell during the term of his engagement, and he found it impossible to remain longer. They were succeeded on Saturday by the well-known barjoist, Dick McGowan. He is from the New York Melodeon, and is an excellent performer on the "old Cremona," and likewise a very agreeable and entertaining singer. His songs are generally new to the audience, and never fail to elicit applause. He is accompanied by C. L. Monroe, comic dancer and negro delineator, and also the "brudder bones." I saw him make his *debut*, but he appeared to be troubled with a severe cold, and I am not prepared to speak of his singing—otherwise he was "up to snuff." The remaining members of the company are the same as last week. Messrs. McGowan and Monroe have an engagement of five weeks. .....Manager Henderson has been busily engaged during the past week in making preparations for the opening of the Pittsburgh Theatre for the regular fall season, commencing on the 30th inst. An extensive corps of workmen are now occupied in overhauling the interior of the building, which is being entirely renovated, repaired, decorated, &c., and altogether undergoing a complete metamorphosis. Mr. Ward, the young scenic artist, is at work on a new and beautiful drop curtain (a description of which you will receive when finished), to be used in lieu of the old one. Although sadly needed, no repairing has been done to this theatre since its opening by Mr. J. B. Howe—a strange neglect as at the time of its closure last season it presented a pitiable spectacle. The condition of the auditorium, however, was not noticed so much by a person occupying a position in the dress circle or parquette, but an observation from the family circle at once furnished an instance of the veracity of the author of that old saying: "All is not gold that glitters." This will all be remedied by Mr. Henderson, and I am confident that, under his management, nothing objectionable will be found in its surroundings. The front of the structure pleads, too, loudly for a small share in the improvements going on inside, but it is likely to plead in vain. Shortly after opening, Mr. Henderson purposes producing two historical dramas, the scenes of which are laid in this vicinity. They are the effusions of a gentleman in this city ambitious of dramatic fame, and are said to abound with thrilling interest throughout; and as they have reference to the early settlement of this place, will no doubt be successful. The move is creditable to the shrewdness of manager Henderson.....It is rumored that Van Amburgh's great show intends visiting our city in a short time.....Our friend, George Hutchinson, tragedian, is still without an engagement. Why it is so, I cannot imagine, for he is certainly an excellent actor in his line of business—leading tragedy; makes up finely, and is always well up in his text. The profession should not be without his valuable services altogether.

Cooke's Circus, after showing at St. Paul, Minn., gave two exhibitions at Winona, on the 24th and 25th.

Wash. Chambers' Union Circus was at Bristol, on the 20th; Aurora, 21st; Geneva, 22d. It is the intention of the proprietor to continue along the line of the Illinois Railroad. His present great novelty is an act of equestrianism, entitled "Mother Goose, or, the Man who lost his Wife." It is an old subject, but, nevertheless, with new handling, may prove very entertaining.

Mr. J. B. Roberts, after closing at Baltimore, goes to the National, Cincinnati, where he will commence a fortnight's engagement on the 17th of September.

We hear that Master D. Peel, jig dancer, and Frank Glenn, Irish comedian and vocalist, are now at Chicago, out of an engagement.

Mr. Marchant, of the Charleston (S. C.) Theatre, is announced to return to this country about the end of August.

The Green-street Theatre, Albany, is up for rent.

The season at the Savannah, Augusta, Macon, Atlanta, Columbus, and Wilmington Theatres will commence on the 29th of September.

J. B. Roberts, tragedian, was at the Peoples Theatre, Baltimore, last week. Among the stock company we recognise Miss Kate Edwards, an actress well known to the New York public.

The Dehaven Great Union Circus was at Bristol on the 20th ult., and at Lockport on the 24th. It proceeded thence to Valparaiso, South Bend, Goshen, and Kalamazoo, Mich. The troupe includes J. Glenroy, equestrian manager; Tom Burgess and P. H. Seaman, clowns; Billy Herman, leading violinist; and H. Paregzo, with several others.

Mr. W. J. Florence will commence his winter tour in a new adaptation from a very old Celtic legend.

The Memphis theatre will re open on or about the 22d of September. It is now undergoing some repairs, and the manager, Mr. Thompson, purposes, we hear, to mingle opera with his other entertainments. The following names will be found to constitute the company:—W. C. Thompson, manager; Miss Jennie Parker, Mrs. Hattie Brainard, Mrs. H. P. Grattan, Miss Margaret Freal, Miss Irene Walker, Mrs. Ella Tannehill, Mrs G. H. Griffiths, Mrs H. F. Stone, Miss Millie Peters, Miss Viola Plunkett, Miss Adele Plunkett, Mr. C. Kingsland, Mr. B. Mavaulv, Mr. F. A. Tannehill, Mr. J. M. Dawson, Mr. G. H. Griffiths, Mr. T. R. Duncan, Mr. J. F. Hagen, Mr. P. A. Anderson, Mr. W. Powers, Mr John Fower, Mr. H. F. Stone, Mr. Samuel Parker, Mr. C.A. Peters, Mr. O. A. Ross; Carlo Patti, leader of orchestra.

Wood's Minstrels performed at Toledo, on the 18th; Sandusky, 20th; and Norwalk, 21st ult. On the 22nd, they opened at Cleveland, and proceeded thence to Painsville, where they appeared on the 24th, and afterwards left for Erie, Westfield, and Buffalo.

John Denier has made five rope crossings at Nahant. Last week he accomplished two, and would have added to the number had the weather been favorable. He intended his last displays at Nahant to be on the 27th (to-day)—afternoon and evening, the latter surrounded by fireworks; and in the interval, to show at Lynn. We hear that some of his Boston admirers have presented him with a golden medal, bearing a suitable inscription.

The Peak Family gave a concert at Madison, Ill., on the 15th ult., after which they proceed to St. Paul, Min.

J. C. Langrishe, Irish comedian, with a small company, was to be at Fort Laramie, about the 15th ult.

John McAvoy, well known in theatric circles, was in Chicago, last week, preparing a panorama of the scenery of Ireland, with illustrations of its poetry, and was expected to be ready for commencing on the 1st of October.

Miss Maggie Mitchell took a benefit at the St. Louis Theatre on the 24th ult. Miss Bateman is the next "star."

The Campbell Minstrels (including fifteen "stars" of magnitude) were performing last week, at Smith and Nixon's Hall, Cincinnati, previous to their Southern tour.

Professor Love continues his conjuring at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, during the current week.

Carncross & Sharpley's Minstrel and Operatic Burlesque Troupe commence their second week at the Continental Theatre (late National), Philadelphia, this (Monday) evening.

The usual performances by the Whitby and Whittaker Families are announced for the present week at Camac's Woods, Philadelphia.

The Ravels are playing their last six nights at the Boston Academy of Music.

Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge's Minstrels continue at Ordway Hall, Boston.

The Sanford Troupe are announced for two performances at Newark, N. J, on the 31st of August and the 1st of September.

Ancient and modern comedy are the ruling attractions at the Howard in Boston—the former represented by "As You Like It," the latter by "Still Waters."

Mrs. Henry Farren has become a permanent member of the company performing at the Boston Museum. A novelty is announced for the current week, in the shape of a four act drama, entitled "Love's Venom; or, the Heart's Mysteries" Bourcicault's "Colleen Bawn" is announced for speedy production.

Bourcicault's "Vanity Fair" produced, last week, at the Arch street Theatre, Philadelphia, seems to have puzzled the critics of the Quaker city. It is acted for the last time this (Monday) evening. The management have decided on giving matinees on Saturday afternoons.

Mr. Forrest resumes his old duties as an actor, this (Monday) evening, at Baltimore—appearing on the occasion as Hamlet. His engagement is for six nights, but we should not be surprised, were it continued for a longer term, notwithstanding the always hazardous experiment of double prices is to be tried. Mr. Forrest performs three nights each week. We hope this return to the stage is not merely temporary—the actor being still in the maturity of his powers.

Snethen's (late Cooper's) Great American Opera Troupe commences at the Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, this (Monday) evening, with the "Bohemian Girl." Annie Milner is the prima donna; Miss H. Payne, second donna; Miss Annie Kemp, contralto; Miss Maria Barton, do. Among the gentleman, we find Messrs. F. B. Boudinot, B. Bowler, and Aynsley Cook.

☞ We have letters for Messrs. J. E. Owens, L. J. North, W. Henderson, J. Gibbons, W. Cowell, T. Jennings, C. Mathews, F. Keller, G. F. Marchant, W. M. Fleming, W. H. Crisp, S. W. Glenn, E. T. Stetson, H. Everett, H. Prior, C. Norton, J. W. Whitney, G. C. Templeton, C. F. Lester, G. Shaw, T. S. Jacobs, C. Madison, and Miss Mollie Williams.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION meet at 30 White st., Wednesday evening. E. S. GRAHAM, President. [20-3m*]

THE AVONITES meet every Monday evening at 182 West 18th street. HARRY EAMES, President. 16-3m*

THE SONS OF MALTA D. A. meet every Tuesday evening at their new room, 567 6th av. [16-4t*] EDM'D GILLET, Jr., Pres't.

BURTON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.—This club, after enjoying a season's vacation, will open the fall and winter's campaign shortly, with a performance for the benefit of Mr. H. A. Howard, an old member of the club, and as good an amateur actor as we know of.

THE JOE JEFFERSON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION give their sixteenth performance at Dramatic Hall, on the 4th inst.

AQUATICS.

EMPIRE CITY REGATTA CLUB.

SIXTH ANNUAL REGATTA

AT CONRAD'S GARDEN.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10TH 1860.

FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS IN PRIZES.

Admission to the Garden.....25 cents.

FIVE RACES.

Books now open for entries at St. Mark's Place Hotel, corner of Third avenue and Eighth streets.

Boats must be entered on or before Friday Evening, September 7th, or pay one-half additional to the entrance fee.

Choice of positions will be drawn for on the night of the 7th of September.

For list of prizes, names of Judges, and rules, see programme. The course on Harlem River is now buoyed, and boats have an opportunity of practicing.

STEPHEN ROBERTS, President.

A. M. MATHEWS, Secretary. 20

GRAND NATIONAL REGATTA

AT

POUGHKEEPSIE.

For Two Days—Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 5th and 6th, 1860

PRIZES AMOUNTING TO SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS.

ENTRANCE TO ALL THE RACES FREE.

FIRST DAY—At 2 o'clock P. M.

First Race—Single Scull Working Boats.

First Prize	$16 00
Second Prize	8 00

Second Race—Two Pair Scull Shell Boats.

First Prize	$40 00
Second Prize	20 00

Third Race—Six Oared Boats, without restrictions.

First Prize	$100 00
Second Prize	40 00

SECOND DAY.

First Race—Two Pair Scull Working Boats.

First Prize	$20 00
Second Prize	10 00

Second Race—Single Scull Shell Boats.

First Prize	$90 00
Second Prize	60 00

Third Race—Four Oared Shell Boats.

First Prize	$150 00
Second Prize	75 00

Ample provisions made by the committee for the storing of boats All entries to be made by 12 o'clock at noon on the first day of the Regatta, Sept. 5th, 1860, on application to either of the undersigned

WM. A. FANNING,
B. D. JACOCKES, } Committee.
JOHN R. COOPER,

19-3t

EXCITING AQUATIC ENCOUNTER AT PITTSBURGH.

SPECIAL REPORT FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

PITTSBURGH, August 21, 1860.

FRIEND QUEEN:—Saturday last was a grand day for the patrons of sport in our village, and an eventful one in the annals of aquatic sports in Alleghany county. It was a time that will long be remembered by our watermen, and frequently recalled to memory during the future; and never, I am confident, with aught else but feelings of pleasure, mingled, mayhap, with some sensations of regret that it is now among the "things that were." Let us cheer ourselves with the hope that our boating fraternity may—and by the indications at present I think they will—often, during the balance of the season of 1860, and those which are to follow, favor and delight our citizens with a repetition of the fine amusement of the day in question.

It will be recollected that in my last letter I notified you that a match was "on" between the double-scull boats Wasp and Hornett, pulled respectively by James Hammil and William Jackson; the stakes—a purse of $50. These are the same craft as used in the sculling race between Hammil and Wolff, recently, and this match was brought about by reason of a desire on the part of the members of the club owning the defeated boat, to make a second effort to retrieve their lost laurels; and William Jackson, as their best man, was chosen to meet the vanquisher of Wolff. Jackson has won, and fairly, too, the enviable reputation of being the champion oarsman of these waters—the only person who is regarded as being able successfully to compete with him, when evenly matched, being William Kirkwood, who is a member of the same crew with Jackson. Hammil, on the contrary, until within the past few weeks, was completely unknown in sporting circles, he having first become a candidate for public favor at the late regatta of the association. He is very young yet—not much over 21 or 22, and is destined to shortly prove a tough customer to the most proficient of those who may choose to tackle him. The flattering record of this season's exploits shows that he has thus far escaped defeat, though he has had a shy with some of our best. The most intense interest concerning this contest pervaded all classes of society, and the universal opinion that the race would be close, and therefore well worth witnessing, conduced to attract an immense number of spectators to the course, and at the moment of starting, the scene along the course was animated in the extreme. The wharf in front of the Monongahela House, and directly opposite the starting point, was one vast sea of humanity; the bridge, from the tops of the piers to the highest point of the arches, was lined with men, women and children, the structure bending and creaking beneath the weight imposed upon it; the stern of every steamboat lying at the levee covered—and, in fact, every available point whence a view of the course could be obtained, possessed its knot of anxious faces, all eagerly discussing the relative merits of the boats and men, arranging wagers &c. There must have been fully 3000 persons upon the ground. The turn-out of the boating fraternity was extensive, and exceeded that of any similar occasion since the regatta; among them I noticed the handsome models of our two crack four-oared row boats, the Stephen Roberts, Undine Club, and the Calvin Adams, Cassiday Club, between whom a challenge is pending. The weather may be described as the exact counterpart of that of the previous Saturday, with the exception of the wind being considerably higher, and the water rather rough. The betting, owing to the great reputation Jackson has attained, was at the rate of 14 and 15 to 10 on him, and the offers at that figure were quite numerous. There were many others, however—friends of Hammil—who did not consider the difference in the boats made up by the disparity of the oarsmen, and besides had great confidence in their man, but who, nevertheless, wanted odds, and as their wishes in this respect were willingly complied with, the offers of the opposite party met with ready responses, and the betting became brisk and heavy. The race was announced to take place at 4 o'clock, but for some reason unknown to your correspondent, although the boats were punctually at their stations, the start was not effected until nearly an hour later—the men in the meantime keeping their muscles in play by rowing about over the course. We will take advantage of the delay to describe their costume, &c:—

Wasp—Crescent Club—manned by James Hammil; uniform, blue cap, pink shirt and black pants—weight of boat 105 lbs.

Hornett.—Cassiday Club—pulled by William Jackson; uniform, white cap, white shirt and black pants—weight of boat, 85 lbs.

There was but little difference in the appearance of the men. Both are of medium size, hard, muscular; and with frames firmly knit together, weighing somewhere in the neighborhood of 165 lbs. Jackson is some years the senior of his opponent, and also rather more powerful; but I think Hammil has the advantage of being the longest-winded.

At last the boats arranged themselves in position, the Wasp having the outside, and a few moments later the order of "all ready!" was given from the flag-boat, followed almost immediately by the command to "give way." The boats started beautifully, amid the greatest excitement among the bystanders, who were now furnished an opportunity of witnessing that magnificent sweeping, regular stroke, for which Jackson is so famous, and of which the most extravagant praises could not be rightfully charged as flattery. The rowing of Hammil was also excellent, although considerably quicker, and rather more nervous than I have seen him. The boats remained pretty even for a few yards, when Jackson brushed for the lead, and putting on a couple of irresistable spurts sent his boat ploughing through the water about half a length ahead, and from here took up the running, and rapidly left the Wasp in the lurch. The race now seemed almost a foregone conclusion, and the backers of Jackson undoubtedly regarded the matter in that light, and of course were in great glee, and gave vent to their hilarious feelings in cries of "Jackson's all right!" "Go in Jackson!" &c., and offering to wager 2, and even 3 to 1 that Jackson won the race. Some of the friends of Hammil were rather shy, but many others, believing their favorite was not exerting himself to overhaul Jackson, but was husbanding his strength for the finish, readily evinced their appreciation of the liberality of the opposite party by accommodating them with the desired investments. By the time the steamboats were gained, the Hornett had opened a gap of some two lengths and her carsman appearing to be having it all his own way, his "phiz" wearing a self-confident smile as he viewed the open water between the boats, which seemed plainly to say:—"It's all up with you, my fine fellow!" While at this distance the Hornett crossed the bows of the Wasp, which circumstance Hammil could have claimed as a foul had he been so disposed, as according to the rules of the association, under which the race was run, no boat is allowed to cross another's bow unless forty feet in advance. Hammil, however, determined to take no notice of this trifling affair, so long as it did not impede his progress. The crossing had enabled the Wasp to come up nearly even with her opponent, and Hammil, taking advantage of this, put on some more steam, and shot his boat a little ways in front. He retained this position for some distance, but evidently wishing to husband his strength for the home run, slackened off, and permitted Jackson, who was pressing him close, to bound away again. Jackson now spurted finely and notwithstanding the great difficulty in keeping his craft in a right position and the impediments to speed presented by the wind and water, ere Hammil was aware of the fact he was some four or five lengths in advance striking out at a good pace for the buoy. Hammil upon perceiving this, commenced working his oar vigorously, and had succeeded in diminishing the gap to about three lengths, with which advantage Jackson turned the buoy and pulled out energetically on the homestretch. Hammil followed a few seconds after, and now began to unravel his strength, settling himself down into a fine, steady stroke, and the real contest between the men now began. The obstacles to a quick time on the part of the Hornett were much less than on the down run, the elements conspiring less unfavorably toward her, and the only impediment the tiny bark was called upon to encounter was the rough and troubled water, with which she battled manfully, and appeared quite likely to conquer. Both oarsmen were now handling their "spruces" as if life depended on the issue, and the struggle became one of the most desperate character. The difference in the boats, however, finally proved too much for the superior science of Jackson, and the Wasp gained inch by inch upon her dancing competitor, and after a few moments more severe work, with a dashing spurt or two, away she went bounding full six feet in the lead of her rival, and Jackson's power appearing to relax, in consequence of the severe work he had undergone from the commencement of the race, much of which was caused by the difficulties he was obliged to contend with; by reason of the opposition presented to his craft by the weather, &c., he fell away, and this excellent chance was immediately noticed and eagerly caught at by his opponent, who having thus far reserved himself, was comparatively fresh, increased his pace, and soon widened a gap of some six lengths, and the friends of Jackson began to look rather dejected, and their fingers to twitch nervously. They had not lost all hope, however, as the boats had a long distance yet to go, they having at that time, only reached the point; and the cries of encouragement which greeted them roused Jackson, and stimulated him to his arduous task with renewed spirit, and again that long, sweeping stroke began to tell upon the result of the contest, and his little craft, answering nobly to the endeavors of its oarsman, came cutting through the water like a Dolphin, and the open water between the boats rapidly diminished, and notwithstanding the most wonderful exertions of Hammil to prevent it, the Hornett succeeded in pushing her prow a few feet in advance, and now ensued the closest and most terrific struggle that has ever yet been witnessed upon our waters. The crisis was now at hand, the turning point of which was to decide the issue of the race, which fact was recognized by the oarsmen, and each settled down to his work with a firm determination that he would leave no stone unturned by which he might be enabled to triumph, and if he were beaten, his conqueror should have cause to prize a dearly bought victory. The struggle became more and more exciting, and the advantage was alternatly in favor of each. The boats had now reappeared in sight of the mass of the spectators, whose enthusiasm knew no bounds, and cries of "Jackson's ahead!" "No, Hammil has it!" and shouts of encouragement from the friends of each continually rent the air and the scene was one of the wildest excitement, every eye being distended to observe the relative positions of the contending boats. Betting ran high, fluctuating according to the movements of the craft, Jackson still holding his position of favorite, at slight odds. In the meantime the boats continued the conflict with undiminished vigor, and neither gained any permanent advantage until within several hundred yards of home, at which point the Wasp began gradually, but surely, to draw away from her formidable antagonist, and increasing her lead inch by inch crossed the score a length and a half in advance. Her time was 26:15 and that of the Hornett 26:19. The winner was welcomed with more than usual uproar by the lookers-on—both her friends and those who had backed the other boat joining in the general hubbub. The victory was dearly bought and I am happy to say that the winner wears his laurels like a man. Both men felt the effects of the terrific ordeal they had sustained, a fact which was clearly shown by their haggard looks and the laxity of their muscles. I am sorry to remark that a great amount of ill feeling has been engendered between the members of the several clubs through the result of this contest, and threats of personal violence have been used towards Hammil; the only cause which can be adduced for such a childish exhibition of churlishness and unmanly proceeding is that "Hammil wouldn't allow Jackson to beat him," and probably is not willing to acquiesce in their assertions that he had the ability to do so. Gentlemen, don't disgrace the noble sport which you profess to love so well, and of which you now stand forth such shining lights in its advocacy, by allowing your feelings to be ruffled by the simple matter of a defeat, or by the loss of a trifling amount of "filthy lucre," but exhibit your common sense by taking such circumstances cheerfully; they cannot always be avoided, and it is much better to receive them with a good grace, than to allow your angry feelings to rise.

As was expected Jackson has challenged Hammil, which banter has been accepted, and the race will come off on Saturday, September 8th. Hammil will pull a new boat—the "Moonlight," and Jackson pulls the Hornett. The race will create a great sensation and be well worth the seeing. ADELPHI.

BOATING AT NEWBURGH.—HANCON VS. BROWN.—Newburgh, August 23, 1860.—FRIEND CLIPPER:—Considerable excitement has prevailed in our quiet village for the last few days, on account of a match race for $100, between John Hancon and David Brown.

Hancon has, of late, been rather unfortunate in his races, which made many believe that he had greatly fallen off in rowing; but he had undoubted confidence in his ability, which led to this match.

Brown is a rising oarsman, and a particular favorite of the ladies, whose smiles, he thought, would carry him through on this occasion; but in this he was mistaken. The betting at the making of the match was rather in favor of Brown, but veered around at the start on the side of Hancon. At 3 o'clock they appeared at the scratch, both in fine condition and both confident of success. The start was made in fine style, Hancon taking the lead, which he maintained, and rounded the mile stake eight lengths ahead. It then became evident that it was a "hogshead of niggers to a chaw of tobacco," that Hancon would win, barring accidents. He gradually increased his lead and came in 45 seconds ahead.

Brown rowed a new lapstreak built by Donahue & Brown, who are noted for building fast boats. Hancon rowed the Champion's boat, the Oscar Teed, built by George W. Shaw, whose boats, of late, have met with remarkable success, having carried off the main prizes in the late Worcester Regatta, and making the quickest time on record.

The day was as fine as could be selected, and large numbers turned out to view the race. The ladies were out, as usual, to throw their smiles on the victor, who bore the blushing honors with that well-known modesty for which he is noted. I have to congratulate you on the success of the CLIPPER, which has taken the lead of all sporting papers in this country, the CLIPPER being the first, and the rest "nowar." The annexed is the summary of the race:—

Purse—$160.

Oscar Teed, rowed by John Hancon, 4 miles in 33 min
Unknown, " David Brown, 4 " 33 min 45 sec
Yours, &c., J. D.

REGATTA AT MOBILE.—A regatta came off at this place, on the 20th ult., the start being made from opposite the Fiotilda Bath, and the course extending fifteen miles. The following were the entries:—First class: "Geo. M. Graves," sailed by B. Chamberland, 21 feet 10 inches in length; "Striker," D. Bash, 2 6; "Paddy," G. George, 20 1; "Venus," O. Crocker, 16 6. Second class: "Twilight," R. G. Weir, 17 2. "Avis," S. A. Eubanks, 17 11; "H. Maury," Old Ned, 17 11; "De Riviere," John Cremons, 16 6. Third class: "Capitola" J. Burns, 14 4; "Hattie," J. Thompson, 14 10; "Cow Driver," John Pearce, 14 4; "Picayune," G. George, 8 00; "Cygnet," W. Cawfield, 14 8; "Abe Lincoln," F. R. Osborn, 14 9; "Gertrude," H. McKibbin, 14 8; "Harry McKibbin Joe Council, 16 00. We append the order coming in and the time of the boats placed. First class: "Venus," 5hrs. 40m. 30sec.; "Graves," 5hrs. 49m. 51sec.; "Strikers," 5hrs. 52m. 22sec.; "Paddy," 6hrs. 17m 45sec. Second class: "De Riviere," 6hrs. 25m 51sec.; "Maury," 6hrs. 49m. 51sec. Third class: "Cow Driver," 6hrs. 23m.; "Gertrude," 6hrs. 29m. 43sec. All the others were distanced. For sometime after the boats started, there was a squall from the North. This however, was succeeded by a dead calm after the first stake had been rounded. Another race of the same kind was announced for the 20th inst., and a third for some day in September—the latter for the Challenge Cup. We hear that boating is reviving in Mobile. We are glad of it.

REGATTA AT GLOUCESTER, MASS.—A regatta came off on the 17th inst. according to appointment. For a good sail, whereby the qualities of the different boats could be tested, the weather was favorable, a southerly breeze blowing all the time. Besids the boats entered for the race, there was a large number of yachts present, through which the aspect of the harbor was exceedingly gay. The members of the city government of Boston were on board the steamer "Henry Morrison." The races were open to schooner and sloop boats—the classification being as follows;—First Class—Boats from 30 to 40 feet in length; Second Class—Boats from 18 to 30 feet in length; Third Class—Centre-board boats under 30 feet in length; Fourth Class—Boats 18 feet and under in length. The distance sailed was sixteen miles (8 miles out and back) for the 1st class; 12 miles for the 2d and 3d classes, and 8 miles for the 4th class. The prizes were the entrance fees divided into two prizes in each class. An allowance of 40 seconds per foot in the 1st class, and 60 seconds per foot in the other classes, was made in favor of the smaller boats. The entries were as follows:—First Class—Schooner Raven, length 35 feet 10 inches, entered by R. W. Wonson. Second Class—Sloop Ion, 23 9, A. Pidgeon; schooner Yankee Maid, 26 3, A. H. Tuck; sloop Little Nellie, 22 feet, N. C. Greenough; schooner Rambler, 25 7, H. Babson. Third Class (centre-board boats)—Sloop Whip, 24 5 C. Nelson, sloop Cassie, 21 6, Frank Burgess; sloop White Rose, 26 4, J. O. Friend, Jr., sloop Crab, 21 4, Daniel T. Babson. Fourth Class—Sloop Maud, 16 3; John Hadley; sloop Right Bower, 16 3, D. W. Low; sloop Wallah, 15 1, D. O. Parkhurst; sloop Norah, 15 10, George Gardner; sloop Ella, 15 10, John A. Woodbury; sloop Anything, 16 feet, Thomas Elwell; sloop Spray, 16 2, C. Nelson; sloop Red Rover, 15 1, F. Lindberg; sloop Ocean Bird, 16 3 Gloucester Telegraph, Frederick Rogers. All these boats belong to Gloucester except the sloop Cassie and the sloop Little Nellie. The former belongs to Beverly, and the latter to Newburyport. The Judges, Messrs. J. Ayers, Jr., S. S. Day, and C. Story, Jr., were stationed on board the sloop Comet, and the boats were started between one and two o'clock—the first at 11 minutes past one.

While the boats were out, several impromptu races were made by others. Among these, Aaron Thompson, of Marblehead, rowed round Ten Pound Wood, a distance of about 1¼ miles in twenty minutes and three seconds. He had no competitor, and a purse was made up for him. A number of gentlemen also, including a few reporters, distinguished themselves by their outside displays. The regular races resulted as follows:—

FIRST CLASS.

	Actual Time.	Allowed Time.
Sch. Raven	2 h. 15 m. 5 s.	ditto
SECOND CLASS.		
Sloop Ion	Did not go round.	
Sch. Yankee Maid	2 02 44	ditto.
Sloop Little Nellie	2 04 10	1 59 55
Sch. Rambler	1 55 39	1 54 59
THIRD CLASS.		
Sloop Whip	1 53 53	ditto.
Sloop Cassie	1 51 0	1 48 25
Sloop White Rose	1 57 38	1 53 13
Sloop Crab	Did not go round.	
FOURTH CLASS.		
Sloop Maud	2 08 41	ditto.
Sloop Right Bower	1 58 01	ditto.
Sloop Wallah	1 56 50	1 55 40
Sloop Norah	1 09 42	2 09 17
Sloop Ella	2 11 10	2 10 55
Sloop Anything	2 20 11	2 19 56
Sloop Spray	2 13 06	2 13 01
Sloop Red Rover	1 53 14	1 52 04
Sloop Ocean Bird	2 06 05	ditto.

It will be seen that the "Ion" and the "Crab" did not go around the stake boat. The fact was not known to the judges until some time after the race, and the "Crab" was at first supposed to be entitled to the second prize in the Centre-Board Class. While the boats in the last class were out, the stake boat dragged her anchor and drifted some distance—making the course somewhat longer than it was intended to be. The prizes were awarded as follows;—First Class—1st and only prize to the schooner Raven. Second Class—1st prize to schooner Rambler 2d prize to sloop Little Nellie, of Newburyport. Third Class—1st prize to sloop Cassie, of Beverly; 2d prize to sloop White Rose. Fourth Class—1st prize to sloop Red Rover, 2d prize to sloop Wallah; 3d prize to sloop Right Bower. The sloop Gloucester Telegraph, owned and manned by attaches of the Gloucester Telegraph newspaper, was entered, but did not sail around the course, being detained at home "on business connected with the office." Altogether, the regatta passed off very successfully and pleasantly.

VEGETARIAN RECEPTION OF MR. MARTIN.—On the 24th, Mr. D. U. Martin, who, it will be remembered, left Boston for New York, on the 8th, in an open boat, intending to come the entire distance between the two places, on water, arrived at the latter, and was entertained by the faculty of the Water Cure establishment, No. 15 Laight street. From the fact of the dinner being entirely vegetarian, and the interesting details of his "passage," &c., rendered by Mr. Martin, we devote some space to the particulars. The bill of fare, as we have already implied, was very different from those we find in connection with modern fashionable tables, as will be seen from the annexed enumeration:—mashed and baked potatoes, boiled sweet potatoes, Graham bread, rice crackers, Hecker's farina jelly, green corn, Graham crackers, butter, peaches, plums, pears, apples, water melons, and other fruits, corn starch, rice, tapioca, Indian puddings, apple pies with Graham crust, milk. After this natural banquet had been disposed of, Dr. Miller gave some account of the manner of life led by the inmates of the establishment. Air, water, exercise, electricity, and such hygienic remedies as were necessary, were resorted to as the sole cure for the sick. Mr Martin then followed, and after bearing testimony to the great improvement that had taken place in his health, under his new treatment, stated his belief in the supreme good of a diet wholly of fruit, which, as well as improving the physical man, enlarged the mental and moral faculties. Mr. Martin gave a recapitulation of his water travel, from which it appeared that he had been out sixteen days, and had met with one accident only—a capsize on the 13th ult. He also stated that he never pulled any wherry but the one he had recently gone out in. He took with him the following simple articles of food and clothing:—1 pair of woolen pants and one coat, 1 pair of pants and 2 light cotton undershirts, 2 linen shirts, 5 paper collars, 1 rubber coat, 1 shawl, 1 chart and catalogue of lights, 1 pocket compass and a pocket songster, 1 tooth brush, 2 pair of hose, 1 carpet bag, 1 opera glass, a sponge, 6 apples, 1 quart whortleberries. Making a slight allowance for lying still, he calculates that he pulled about 80 hours. Mr. Roberts, President of the Empire City Regatta Club, made some remarks, in which he stated his experience in rowing and working, stating that such exercises would be the most conducive to health. Base ball playing and gymnastics were also good for young men, but rowing was superior to all. He would, therefore, advise young men to row, and no matter what they should eat, they would get health and strength. After the speeches, the company went to examine the boat by invitation. It is a small boat, 21½ feet long, 2½ feet broad, and 8 inches deep. It is built of white cedar, lapstreak, and has air chambers at each end, with an oval space in the centre for the rower to sit, which is 4 feet 5 inches long, and 1 foot 7 inches broad. Mr. Martin has called on us at our office, in company with Mr. Roberts, and appears a complete exemplification of hardihood and endurance; is manifestly an earnest and honest advocate of his system, and a very strong practical commentary on its excellence.

A REGATTA ON THE CHARLES RIVER, near Boston, took place on the 22d inst. It was for sailing yachts of small tonnage. The weather was unfavorable, the wind being very light. The following were the boats sailed, all being sloop rigged: "Sea Breeze," James B. Wentworth. "Stormy Petrel," J. S. Burns; "Fly away," J. Tullack; "Phantom," J. Willard; "Coot," Chas. Lovett. The course was from Braman's Baths, up the river, a mile and a half to a station buoy, and return. One half of the way, the boats were obliged to beat against what little wind there was through which, the entire distance sailed was five miles. The first prize was taken by the "Sea Breeze" in 1 h. 19 m. 45 secs.; the second by the

OUR THIRD PRIZE STORY.

REVENGE:

OR,

THE LIBERTINE'S LAST VICTIM.

A TALE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME

Showing Vice in both the Higher and Lower Circles of Life.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

(And which took the Third Prize of $100,)

By FRANCIS H. SHEPHERD, of Davenport, Iowa.

CHAPTER FORTIETH.—CONCLUDED.

The funeral is over. Ida returned to her home; she was sorrow stricken and subdued. One thing was certain—she had become so disgusted with the actions of John Rawlings that she determined to enter a suit, immediately against him and thus regain the rights that justly belonged to her.

Several days after the events detailed in the last chapter, David Selwyn, or as the reader more favorably knows him, the Unknown, entered the presence of Ida Rawlings. Taking her hand in his he led her to a seat; then placing himself beside her, he sat for a moment looking into her face.

"Ida," said he as he placed in her hand a small parcel of manuscripts, "here are the papers that will entitle you to the vast estate which John Rawlings now unjustly holds. When we entrusted Lawyer Cheatem with the management of this business, we had our suspicion that he would play the part of a rogue; therefore instead of the genuine papers, we caused forged ones to be made; these we gave to him. What was the result; those papers passed into the hands of John Rawlings, and were by him destroyed. To you, as the rightful owner, they are entrusted. Use the power thus placed in your hands carefully, and all will be right. By the untimely, yet merited, death of Rawlings the revenge that I have so long fostered, has been taken from me. I was too slow—I let it sleep too long, and when I was about to trap my victim, he was snatched from me. Ida, I must go hence. I cannot bear, now that the only spur of my life is blunted, to stay and dwell among its scenes. I have come to bid you farewell. In the West I shall make my home, and there in peace and quietude I shall live until the summons come for my departure."

He turned to the door and stood for a moment gazing back upon her.

"Ida," said he bitterly, "though the son is beyond your revenge, do not forget he has a father; on him let all your vengeance fall."

The next moment he was gone. Ida felt that she had lost her best friend; she would have wept, but of late tears were strangers to her eyes. In Selwyn she had found in the hour of need a firm and unflinching friend, and the parting seemed like taking her dearest one away. There was one to whom Ida looked up in all confidence, and that was Lawrence Wood. Ever since he had told his love and learned the secret of her refusal, he had been kind and attentive, but breathed not one word of love. To him Ida entrusted all the papers that related to her case; gave him full powers to enter suit, and prosecute without fail. She had no pity for him—did he not, without one shade of remorse, sweep all her father's wealth from his grasp, and send him to an untimely grave; and his children to poverty? All this rankled in her soul, and nerved her on to the consummation of her plans. Lawrence immediately consulted a lawyer, placed the papers in his possession, and bade him push the suit, and arrest him for the forgery and fraud.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIRST.

On the evening of the same day that Ida entered suits of prosecution against her father-in-law, Rawlings was seated in his chamber. His face bore the traces of tears; could it be that John Rawlings had allowed the spirit of remorse to have entered his soul? or was it but a shade of grief? The death of his son, and in such a manner, had affected him deeply. In him he had hoped to find a successor to his fast increasing business; and, when his wild oats were sown, a helper in his old age. Suddenly the door is opened—a form enters the room and stands confronting him. With a start he sprang to his feet, and glared fiercely at his intruder.

"So, John Rawlings, after years of parting we have met!" said the stranger as he turned his basilisk eyes full upon him.

"Crowall!" gasped Rawlings, as he looked up to him.

"Yes! Rawlings, it is me; and now I am here to finish up the work which you began some twenty years ago. Come with me, Rawlings; I can show you a happy home; a wife young and lovely. A being in the shape of a man entered that peaceful home; he was sick; I gave him shelter. Need I tell to you, Rawlings, how serpent-like he twined himself around that wife, until, blinded by sophistry, she fell? Need I tell you this, Rawlings, and ask you who the destroyer of this happiness was?" And Crowall bent his eye fiercely on him.

"Mercy! mercy!" murmured Rawlings as he caught the fierce glance of that eye. Crowall did not heed him, but continued—

"Need I tell you, John Rawlings, of the peace destroyed, or how that lovely wife, whipped and lashed by the scorn of the world, returned to the side of her wronged husband to die? Need I tell you how he stood by the grave of that young and dishonored woman, and swore revenge upon her murderer and betrayer? And has that oath been kept?—Ay! and doubly, too. You soon forgot your victim, and made one of our loveliest girls your bride. John Rawlings, you never married her. By bribery I assumed the ministerial garb; there were no witnesses; your marriage was illegal. Then your wife—how she sickened, drooped, and died! You could not trace why; yet had you come to me, I could have told you. You stood beside her grave, but she was not half so pure as the one that I had laid away; fallen as she was. Your children grew up—with fiendish eyes I sat myself to work my revenge still nearer to completion. Your son I trained till he became both gambler and libertine. He did not scruple to abet burglary and murder; or hesitate to forge his father's name. Your daughter—twice have I had her within my toils, but she escaped; and now, Rawlings, I have come to you. Ida Rawlings, your son's wife, has entered proceedings in the courts against you, and before to-morrow night, the rich, the courted John Rawlings will be the inmate of a prison. She has the wills."

"'Tis false!" shrieked the wretched man, as he sprang to his feet. I destroyed the papers at Cheatem's office; I defy you, for you have no proof!"

Crowall smiled contemptuously. "Do you, Rawlings, deem that we would have been so verdant as to have placed such important papers in the hands of such a villain? No! like the ones you got of Lillis, they were but duplicates. The real and genuine ones that were taken from your office, are in the possession of Ida Bancroft Rawlings, your son's wife; and before one week all this vast wealth will be passed from your grasp, and your daughter thrown—as she was once—penniless upon the world. She has no means of living; what will be the result?—infamy and prostitution. Ha! ha! John Rawlings, have I had my revenge?"

As Crowall finished he gave a glance at his unfortunate victim. Rawlings was sitting regarding him; his teeth were clenched and firmly fixed. With a bound Crowall was at his side. Laying his hand upon his shoulders he shook him violently. With a start Rawlings sprang to his feet, and looked wildly around him.

"Where am I?" he murmured as he pressed his hand to his head, and gazed vacantly at Crowall.

"Within your son's wife's house; and in the presence of an avenging man," hissed Crowall as he glided to him. There was a strange glare in his eyes that fairly made the blood in Rawlings' brain to curdle. He saw the phrenzy of the madman in it, and he shrank back in terror, shrieking—

"Would you murder me?"

"Murder?" said Crowall, as he closely followed him round the room, his hot breath coming short and thick. "Ay! who talks of murder? was not my wife murdered? my home made desolate? and by you? Come, Rawlings, we will die together. As Crowall shrieked the words he sprang upon the unfortunate man and bore him to the floor. What could Rawlings do against the awful strength of that madman, who, sitting with his whole weight over his breast, held him down? Shriek after shriek rose from Rawlings' lips"

"This," shouted Crowall, as he poised a knife over his head, "is for Ella."

The steel descended—the red blood flowed—the sight maddened him. Fast the blows descended on his face, neck and breast, until the wretched man was one mass of gore. The madman gazed upon the ruin he had wrought. The bright fire glared within the grate.

Ha! ha!" he shouted; "we will have a funeral pyre!"

Without heeding the blistering of his hands Crowall brought the coals by fistfuls into the centre of the room. With insane glee he tore leaf after leaf from the books and papers scattered round him; with shouts of derision he watched the flames ascending to the ceiling. The floor was now in one complete sheet of flame, but the maniac heeded it not. Jumping astride the dead body of the banker, he hoarsely shrieked until the roaring of the flames drowned his voice. From floor to floor the flames ran; the roof caught, and in a few moments the whole house was in one sheet of flame.

Crowall had had his revenge; Rawlings had gone to his doom.

The next day, while clearing away the ruins, the remains of two skeletons were found. Reader, they were those of Crowall and his victim.

CHAPTER FORTY-SECOND.

Ida found no trouble; when her case was brought into court the jury returned a verdict in her favor, delivering into her hands the vast estates that had made Rawlings so wealthy. Ida Bancroft Rawlings was now wealthy, and she felt it was her duty to retire from that stage where she had reigned so briefly as its queen. To this end she was urged by the entreaties of Lawrence Wood, who well knew the contaminations that existed behind those scenes, blasting as they do every pure and noble thought; a perfect sea of vice, whence harlots branched forth to try the world's soundings. Lawrence knew all this, and he did not urge his words without cause. Ida listened, and the bright star that had so suddenly sprung up to dazzle, faded away. Effie Hetterson was forever lost to the stage.

Ever since the fire, and Mr. Rawlings' death, Ida had lost sight of Mary. Day by day she instituted inquiries, without any clue of her being obtained. At last word came that she was living as governess in one the wealthiest families in the avenue. Ida did not let the grass grow under her feet, in the undertaking which she was bound by all the ties of a generous nature to perform. Calling her carriage, she stepped into it and directed the driver to the place. On giving her name, Ida was ushered into the splendid drawing rooms. Suddenly the door opened and Mary entered the apartment. She started back on noticing a visitor, but before she could recover from her astonishment Ida had crossed the room. Mary was for a moment surprised, she looked around her as if for help; feeling no anger, only a vague sense of fear, and a desire to leave her presence.

"Stop, Mary, stop!" exclaimed Ida, "I can do you no harm; do not go!"

"What do you wish?" gasped the frightened girl. "You can have nothing to say to me—let me pass."

"Nothing to say to you!" said Ida; "Oh! Mary, am I not your sister *now*?"

"Don't call me by that name—don't!" said she, shivering from head to foot.

"Mary, it is not your own heart that speaks; that is but the echo of your father's words. Stop and think a moment, Mary; I am your brother's wife. And even were I nothing but the degraded woman that you deem me, do you do right in casting off her love without a word?"

Mary slid slowly to the floor, and sat there with her face in her hands, gasping for breath.

"Do you believe me, Mary? Will you trust me? I am your sister; and, oh! Mary, for his sake I love you fondly. You and I, Mary, are alone. Fathers, mothers, sister, and brother,—all dead! we are left without a friend. Oh, Mary! Mary! belive me, my heart is pure, but crushed and broken—do trust me, Mary, my sister, Mary!"

Mary half rose from the floor, and extended her arms. Ida sank into them with a burst of weeping, which eased her heart as nothing had done for months. Neither spoke for many moments, but there remained locked in each other's arms.

"Have I indeed found you, Mary?" The girl nestled to her bosom, like a young bird. Murmuring through her tears "you are my sister."

"And you trust me now," responded Ida.

"Feel my heart beat, Ida; every throb bears witness to my truth. And we shall never part more?"

"No! never!" said Ida, as she strained her passionately to her.

One hour from the time the above scene was enacted, Ida and Mary sat in their own home, and the star of their lives was brightening. Without possessing the wondrous genius of Ida, Mary was a highly gifted girl; cursed with the same peculiarly sensitive organization which had wrought half the misery of Ida's brief life. She had remained a child longer than the young are apt to do, and the events of the past few months, had forced her on to a maturity of thought and purpose, which brought with it its own wretchedness.

Long Mary and Ida conversed; many recriminations were forever passed, and Ida felt that the heart of that poor girl was her own. Plans were made, and arrangements completed for a departure, for a season at least, from the place that brought with it the recollection of so many painful scenes.

* * * * * * * * *

They went away from that crowded city, where no breath of fresh air ever reached them; away into the quiet of the country, and the repose of a quiet so complete that it seemed almost never to have been broken. It was a secluded valley shut in by a belt of great trees and hills from the bustling world; so peaceful and so calm that the most troubled soul must have found rest from association with it. It was a small village where a continual sabbath seemed to reign. A single street of lovely cottages, so hidden in the trees, that they looked the more picturesque. The dwelling which Lawrence had chosen for them was a perfect birds nest of a place, a quaint, rambling cottage, surrounded by lattice and verandahs, where the creeping roses grew in all the beauty of their unpruned loveliness. The fragrance of the blossoms, sweeping in at every breeze, left its odor within. The house stood back from the road in a garden which had been left to run wild, until it had become a wilderness of fruit and flowers. It was, in this lovely spot that the two retreated from the painful scenes through which they had passed.

Whether it was to become a place of rest, or only a temporary haven, they did not pause to question. Ida had suffered so much that she snatched thankfully at the faintest ray of sunshine, and warmed her aching heart in it, fearing lest it should fade before a single reflection of its glory could brighten her anguished soul. The long aim of months was accomplished. Once more Ida could tread the halls of splendor as she once did; but those proud thoughts of ambition found no echo in her heart. Revenge she had sought, and it was granted her. All that she had dared to dream was accomplished. Neither Ellis or Wood followed the two women to their retreat. No! they knew that rest was all they needed, and that on the following winter they would return, refreshed and recruited.

From every quarter Ida heard of the increasing fame of him in whom she took so much interest. The laurel wreath was on his brow, and he need not fear that it would pale beside her own. No! that wreath, once so bright, had faded, and Ida looked upon its fading beauties, but no sigh escaped her bosom. She had sought the stage for bread; now she was above the want.

* * * * * * * * *

"Is he not beautiful, Mary?" asked the mother, as she placed her child within her sister's arm—"so like his father!" she murmured, as she watched Mary carefully toy it in her hands, then lay it to sleep in its little cradle. And truly the mother did speak aright. The child was lovely, with mild, laughing eyes, and fair skin, it looked like a piece of moulded wax as it lay sleeping. Ida had something to tie her to life. She could face the world unflinchingly; her child was a passport for her through life. In the quiet village where they had so long lived they were objects of curiosity and remarks. Ida well knew this; yet, she was so far above the coarseness of human nature, that to her, her silent and reserved hours were fuller of bliss than the maddest moment of mere passion could have been. In the gentle, sorrowing Mary she found a ministering angel, and no misgivings came to disturb her repose. She was happy.

The days passed—those long summer days—and they were to leave that lovely spot which to them had been a retreat from sorrow. Lawrence wrote that he had taken a lovely house, in one of the most fashionable streets, and that it but waited for its occupants.

Back to the city the two sisters went; Ida, welcomed by the calm and happy smile of Lawrence, her blood thrilled by the silent pressure of his hand; Mary, by Ellis, who alone knew how to give rest to her heart.

Days and months glided by. Mary had married, and left with her husband on their bridal tour. Ida was alone; but her child kept her company in his little prattling moods. Ida knew not what it was for time to drag heavily. Often she would take her child, and, kneeling, pray that her Father above would shield him from the evils of his father. Lawrence was now a frequent visitor. His kindness through all her troubles had not been lost on her, and each succeeding day made deeper impressions on her heart. One afternoon Lawrence entered her presence. He seemed very happy; so much so that Ida noticed it.

"You are in good spirits to-day," she said; "but 'tis not natural to you."

"High spirits!" said Lawrence in surprise, "indeed I am not conscious of it."

"So much the worse," she replied, as she placed her hand upon his arm and looked earnestly at him."

"Something has happened, Lawrence, what is it? It will be useless as well as wrong to affect to conceal it."

Offiate Ida had worn an air of solemnity, which would fall upon her face like a shadow and recede again, slowly, but always subdued in brightness. Occasionally a sudden and brief sternness appeared in her eyes, which conveyed an impression that she was interrogating with their concentrated rays the concealed thoughts of the person upon whom they were directed. Upon this occasion a world of latent doubts and suspicions seemed to be condensed in her look.

"What do you suppose, Ida!" he enquired, "can have happened since I saw you?"

"You are not candid with me;" she returned, "I ask you a question and you answer by asking me another. If nothing has happened you can easily satisfy my curiosity; if you are silent I can draw my own conclusions."

"Whatever conclusions you draw, Ida, I know you have too firm a reliance on my truth, and devotion, not to believe that I am actuated by the purest motives. Have I not always been sincere, and frank with you?"

"Always!" was her reply.

"Have you not an implicit confidence in my love?—Nay! Ida, start not; I spoke the word?"

"Were it otherwise, Lawrence, I should not now be here questioning you, nor should there be any need of questions of this kind between us? Why am I so sensitive to the slightest fluctuations of tone and manner that I see in you; or where do I derive the intutive perception of their meanings? Love must have confidence; but it has instincts too. I feel there is something; I am sure of it—but I will urge you no further. It is not, perhaps, for your happiness or mine, that I should seek to know."

"Ida," said Lawrence passionately, "there is nothing I would conceal from you that I think you ought to know, or that would make you happier to know; and if I have any reserve from you, it is for your sake, and you must ascribe it to the tenderness of my regard for you."

"For my sake!" she repeated, with a slightly incredible and curious impression.

"Now listen, Ida, I have something to say to you, which is of more importance than those wise, loving conjectures of yours. First of all, I should like to have your own unbiassed opinions about your friends. Have you noticed any change in their manner towards you?"

"Change? none whatever."

"Do you think that—I mean from any thing that you have noticed—that they have watched our actions, or been inquisitive in our affairs?"

She looked inquiringly at him, and then hesitated. "I think it would be impossible to be much with them, and escape their eyes, let us act as we might; but beyond that sort of idle criticism which they deal out indiscriminately to everybody, I have discovered nothing."

"Because, Ida, I have reason to believe that my attentions to you have attracted observation, more so than either of us suspected; and that they have made such remarks on us as no longer leaves our future course at our own option."

"You have reason to believe this?"

"The best possible reason."

"Who is your authority?"

"Ida," said Lawrence, as she turned her eyes as if in reproach on him; "Will you not accept my own authority, without seeking further?"

"No! It is not a time to hold back from any false delicacy to me; or any mistaken respect for the confidence of others. Beware, Lawrence, of such confidences, if there be any, they are not meant for your peace or mine, but to plunge us both into an abyss in which we shall be left to perish. I must know all—I am entitled to know it. If your love be a hundredth part as strong and devoted, and as prepared for sacrifice as mine, you will place a full and entire trust in me."

"And I do. You shall know all; but I must exact a solemn promise from you before I tell you how and in what manner this information was communicated to me. It is impossible for me to foresee how it may affect or wound your feelings; and it is due to me, if I yield to your request against my own judgment, that you should pledge yourself, be the consequences what they may, to give me a public right to protect you against the further malignity—I cannot call it by any milder term—of your enemies, and mine."

Ida was deeply affected by this request, which was spoken in so low and tremulous a voice, so burdened with a painful earnestness, that she appeared to gather from it the final conviction, that upon her answer depended the future happiness or misery of their lives. The pause that ensued was harrowing beyond expression. It seemed as if there was some sinister influence at work to destroy them both, and that even the immediate prospect of their union was not sufficient to allay the misgivings that influence inspired, and into the causes and springs of which Lawrence began to imagine she had a clearer insight than he had suspected. But she was steeped in a tumultuous passion, which would not suffer her to investigate intervening difficulties. What the source of her terror was Lawrence knew not; his fears arose only from the apprehension of losing her. To have made her his bride at that moment, looking as she did in the agitation that gave such a wild lustre to her eyes, more lovely than ever, he would have cheerfully relinquished everything else in the world. Ida loosened her arm from his, and walked across the room in silence. The action, and the sort of pain it indicated, filled Lawrence Wood with a strange alarm.

"Ida," said he, "you have not answered my question. What is the reason of your silence?"

"Be the consequences what they may," she reiterated, "I did not think of that, but it is right I should. I should have thought of it before—I did dream of it; but of what avail; while I suffered myself to indulge in a dream, which that thought ought to have dispelled?"

"You speak in a language that is unintelligible to me; but there is no time now for explanation. We must decide, Ida, at once, for to-day and forever. I only ask your explicit pledge—let us reserve explanations for hereafter."

"You say this in ignorance of what awaits you. I feel that I ought not to make any pledge until"—and she hesitated again.

"If I am satisfied to take your pledge, and all consequences with it, and to repay it with the devotion of my life, why, Ida, should you hesitate? Let the responsibility fall on me. Of that, however, another time. Every hour is precious now; and you will understand why I urge you so impatiently when I tell you that, until these slanders are nailed and those tongues quieted, I can never again enter the house where you are residing."

"I knew it, Lawrence; I saw it clearly from the first word you uttered. It was revealed to me in the very tone of your voice. Now hear me patiently. Your peace, your honor, all feelings that contribute to the respect and happiness of life, are at stake this moment."

The determination of her manner left him no choice but to listen.

"Are you prepared to risk all ties and obligations in the consummation of this one object?—to hazard friends, the good opinion of the world; perhaps, it may be, to sacrifice them for the love that has grown up between us, and which, for good or evil, must this day bind us together, or sever us for the remainder of our lives?"

"What a question to put to me! The world!—it is ashes without you. I tell you, Ida, that if the choice lay between the grave and the single word that would sunder us, I would rather die than utter it. I don't know what your question implies. I don't seek to know; and would prefer to remain ignorant of it, that I may the more clearly prove to you the depth of my trust and devotion, which will be satisfied with the simple pledge that makes you mine. That, at least, you have in your own power; let me answer for the rest."

"Consider, Lawrence, what you are saying. Is your love strong enough to bear the hazards I have pointed out to you? Search your own nature; look into your pride, your sensitiveness to neglect and censure, your high sense of personal dignity—I have seen how ill you can brook slight affronts—do you believe that your love will enable you to bear great ones? Scorn, contumely, perhaps opprobrium! Think! think! and weigh well your decision."

"Ida," said Lawrence passionately, "you put me on the rack, I have no other answer to give. For you and for your sake, come what may, I am ready to risk all!"

Ida glanced from her eyes to his, and there was a deep vein of feeling in her voice as she answered.

"For me, and for my sake, if it be necessary to forsake the world? To relinquish friends and kindred, to dedicate yourself in solitude to her, who in solitude, would be content to find her whole world in you? To do this, without repining, without looking back with anguish and remorse upon the sacrifice you have made, without a regret, or a repreach! A woman can do this— Is it so sure there lives a man equal to such trials?"

"If these sacrifices be imperative upon us, we make them together; there can be nothing for us to reproach the other with"—Lawrence Wood hesitated. "And as to the solitude you speak of, my heart yearns for it. Ida, I am tired of the world; disgusted and sick of the frivolties and vice of the stage, and I long for the repose which you alone can consecrate. It will be no sacrifice to abandon the world for you. Sacrifice, my Ida, will be the crowning happiness of my life!"

"And you are confident that you can depend upon the firmness of your resolution? I do not ask this for my sake—for I know myself, what I can suffer and out-live, but for yours."

"I solemnly and finally answer that no earthly influence can shake my resolution."

"Then," said Ida, placing her hand in his, with a voice laden with emotion, "I am yours—forever. Henceforth I owe no allegiance elsewhere. Here, in the sight of Heaven I pledge my faith to you, and hold the compact as binding as if at this moment, it were plighted at the altar."

Lawrence drew her to him.

"And I, Ida; ratify it with my whole heart. Now, no one shall divide us! We are one, and no human power can part us."

* * * * * * * * *

Far up the banks of the noble Hudson, near where it receives into its waters the Mohawk, live Lawrence and Ida, and, reader, if you should ever visit their happy home, Ida Wood will delight to render you happy. She is a model wife, and Lawrence a model husband, and they both think that their offspring are model children.

Mary and Captain Ellis are living close by, and he never has had cause to regret that he found the wanderers on the sea.

Reader, my task is done. If I have interested your leisure moments my happiest aim is accomplished, and now, until we meet again, "Good Bye."

THE END.

A PLUCKY PUP.—Few persons ever had more experience than McNally in the care and management of dogs. His whole life had been devoted to their training, and the study of their habits and qualities of breed. But there was one pup upon whom Mac had bestowed more than ordinary attention, for, as the dog fancier observed, he was plucky. One day, while Mac was busily engaged in "curtailing" the superabundant (to his view) proportions of one of his pets, he heard the musical voice of his better half crying for help. Mac ran with all possible speed to her relief, and found his better half firmly holding on to the narrative of a quadruped, who had a death grip on the calf of a poor pedlar's leg. A gentle word from Mac and he released his hold. "Are you hurted?" asked Mac, patting his favorite upon the head as he gazed at the pedlar. "Hurted?" groaned the pedlar, as he raised the leg of his pantaloons to gaze at the wound. "The infernal brute has torn my leg into strings. Look here." "Yis!" said Mac, complacently; "it's a nasty bite you have; but man, dear, wasn't it a bould offer for a young pup?"

The above good 'un, now on its travels, reminds us of a good mate for it which we read some years since from a Scotch paper. The pith of the story ran something thus:—Two veteran dog fanciers and raisers had an unusually promising pup bull terrier, which, as it gained strength and ferocity, they were assiduously training up in a school of manners suited to its capacities, and its presumed future station in society. In the course of one of these elementary lessons, one day, young bully, to show his progress in his studies, seized Sawney by the cheek, and his sharp teeth breaking the skin started blood. Fired by the exciting taste, he doubled his grip, and laid hold as only a member of his race can do. Sawney, now thoroughly alarmed, shouted lustily for assistance, and began to take some desperate measures to relieve himself from his too accomplished pupil. Sandy hearing and seeing his plight, stood back, and with the utmost coolness called out: "hoot! hoot! man; bear it! bear it! would ye spoil the pup?"

BLONDIN'S LAST—AN ACCIDENT.—One of M. Blondin's latest feats on his cable was, assuredly, one that the brain of the most daring performer heretofore never conceived. He has taken a stereoscopic view of the American grounds adjoining his cable, from a distance of about 100 feet out. But the most astounding feat of all is thus recorded:—"Again the gymnast appeared on his cable, this time with a chair on his back. He soon had occasion to rest, and not only sat down but stood on the rounds of the chair and balanced in various postures. When near the centre of the rope he again went through several balancing feats. He stood up in the chair and also sat on the top of the back of it. We leave our readers to judge of his position. Out upon a single rope, high over the roaring rapids of the Niagara, and quietly sitting on the back of an ordinary sized chair. If any of our readers think they could enjoy a tete-a-tete with him in such a position, they have more daring than we give them credit for. It is sufficient to state the fact without using any hifalutin language in the description. With but little other performing he came to the American side, where he was received by a crowd of admirers. Many strangers were a little skeptical about the chair, and it was passed around to convince them that there was no moonshine about it." But one of his daring—desperate they would better be called—feats has brought him, measurably, to grief. The attempt was simply foot hardy, and M. Blondin should be thankful that he has escaped with his life. It was during his exhibition at Chillicothe, on the 10th inst. "After dusk he gave a performance of trundling a wheelbarrow across a rope, and to make the feat more terrific, he encircled himself in a blaze of fireworks, which were ignited simultaneously with his starting. Before he had accomplished half his task, one of the pieces prematurely exploded and set fire to his clothing. Having accomplished the distance, he succeeded in extinguishing the flames, but not before his back was badly burned. The rope was stretched across a street, at a distance of seventy-five feet from the ground, and none save Blondin could have withstood the pain that he must have suffered. We incline to the opinion that the Monsieur will not attempt any more tight rope performances with pyrotechnic concomitants."

BROOK TROUT.—We have seen many fine specimens of these sparkling beauties from the dashing mountain stream, but never anything quite so magnificent as the one described below. An Albany (N. Y.) contemporary of recent date gives the item. "J. H. McClure and Gus Pruyn, of this city, C. H. Chapin and M. Rochester, of Rochester, have been camping out near Burlington, Vt. They have just returned here, and are enthusiastic in their accounts of the trout fishing. According to them the streams are alive with the speckled beauties, and the angler is sumptuously rewarded. At Kelly's Pond, which is at the junction of several brooks, Mr. Rochester took a trout—indubitably a brooker—which we have seen, and which is the largest brook trout we have ever heard of. It measures 22¼ inches long, and weighs 6lb. 10oz. No one in the section where it was taken, has ever seen anything like its equal. Has any one?"

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